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SONGS AND BALLADS,

Grave and Gay,

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WITH A

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY AND HART, CHESNUT STREET.

1844.

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NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born in the city of Bath, in the year 1797. His parents were connected with some of the first families of the kingdom, and on the completion of his education he entered under favourable auspices the circles of the most refined and brilliant society in the world. At twenty-eight he was married to an accomplished and beautiful woman, and soon afterwards retired to a country-seat in Sussex, where he continued in quietness and ease until 1831, when an unexpected misfortune changed the current of his life. His wife had brought him a considerable fortune, but it had been expended; his father now suddenly became a bankrupt and left the country, and the income settled on the poet at his marriage was never after paid. Literature had hitherto been his amusement, it was from this time his profession. He had already written for the stage and the boudoir, he now made the country everywhere vocal with his comedies and his songs. To the end of his life he was one of the most industrious as well as one of the most successful authors of England. His early education and habits, however, had unfitted him for his new position; he could not fall back into a sufficiently economical course until the pressure of circumstances had impoverished him beyond a remedy; and though the amount received for his various writings was large, he was always embarrassed. Excitement and suffering at length induced disease, and he died, at Cheltenham, on the twenty-second day of April, 1839.

This is believed to be the first collection that has been made of Mr. Bayly's songs and ballads, and as most of them were written for composers and publishers of music, it may be supposed that a diversity of interests exists in the copyrights, which will for the present prevent their republication in this form in England. Beside his lyrical pieces he wrote two or three novels, a large number of tales and sketches in the "New Monthly" and other magazines, and more than thirty dramas, of

which "Perfection," "Tom Noddy's Secret," "Sold for a Song," and others, have been successfully produced in the American theatres.

With the exception of Moore, Bayly was unquestionably the most popular English song-writer of his age; and even the author of the "Irish Melodies"—unequalled as he is for graceful imagery and delicately turned expression—never has been so universally a favourite. "Oh, no! we never mention her," "The Soldier's Tear," "She wore a wreath of Roses," and many more of his songs, are familiar wherever the language is spoken; they are of that class which,

"in his solitude,
The singer singeth to his own sad heart."

They are simple, natural, graceful and tender—descriptive of the feelings of all, in a language which all can appreciate and understand. An English critic,* supposes that he is indebted for much of his popularity to his former position in society; but the estimation in which his compositions are held in this country, where his personal history was unknown, shows the opinion to be erroneous. It is not always easy to discover the true causes of an author's success. Bayly was certainly not one of the first poets of his time—the century in which more true and enduring poetry was written than in any other since the invention of letters—and if he had essayed any thing of a more ambitious character than the simple ballad, doubtless he would have failed; but by her who dallies with a coronet and the maiden at her spinning-wheel, by the soldier, the student and the cottage Damon, his melodies are sung with equal feeling and admiration. Many have written "songs," exquisitely beautiful as poems, which are never sung; and others, like Dibdin, have produced songs for particular classes; but Bayly touches the universal heart. He is never mawkish, never obscure, and rarely meretricious; his verse is singularly harmonious; every word seems chosen for its musical sound; and his modulation is unequalled. Our rough English flows from his pen as smoothly as the soft Italian from that of Bojardo or Metastasio.

R. W. G.

Philadelphia, November, 1843.

* Mr. S. C. Hall.

THE SONGS OF T. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror,
With her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face,—
Ay, lovely even now ;
Why doth she lean upon her hand
With such a look of care ?
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?
She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away
But little of its grace ;
His touch of thought hath dignified
The beauty of her face ;
Yet she might mingle in the dance,
Where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye,
So beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked
By sorrow more than years,—
The wrinkle on the cheek may be
The course of secret tears ;
The mournful lip may murmur of
A love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray
A heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife :
The lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays
The trial of his truth ;
A sense of slight,—of loneliness,—
Hath never banished sleep :
Her life hath been a cloudless one ;
Then wherefore doth she weep ?

She looked upon her raven locks,
What thoughts did they recall ?
Oh ! not of nights when they were decked
For banquet or for ball ;
They brought back thoughts of early youth,
Ere she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls
That sported o'er her neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand
Pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave
A kiss of kindness there ;

She seemed to view her father's smile,
And feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to steal away
The curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair !
Oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep, when she beholds
The first footmark of Time !
She knows that, one by one, those mute
Mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away,
Till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity
For beauty on the wane ;
Yet, though the blossom may not sigh
To bud and bloom again—
It cannot but remember,
With a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone,—
The summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady ! heed the monitor !
Thy mirror tells thee truth ;
Assume the matron's folded veil,
Resign the wreath of youth :
Go ! bind it on thy daughter's brow,
In her thou'lt still look fair—
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who
Behold the first gray hair !

I NEVER WAS A FAVOURITE.

I NEVER was a favourite,—
 My mother never smiled
 On me, with half the tenderness
 That blessed her fairer child :
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
 While fondled on her knee ;
 I've turned away, to hide my tears,—
 There was no kiss for me !

And yet I strove to please with all
 My little store of sense ;
 I strove to please,—and infancy
 Can rarely give offence :
 But when my artless efforts met
 A cold, ungentle check,
 I did not dare to throw myself
 In tears upon her neck !

How blessed are the beautiful !
 Love watches o'er their birth ;
 Oh, beauty ! in my nursery
 I learned to know thy worth :

For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn ;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born !

I'm sure I was affectionate ;
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love, that claimed
A smile or an embrace :
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh ! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect ;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked :
I did not covet them ; but oft,
When wantonly reprov'd,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,—
A time of sorrow too ;
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw ;
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death ;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied day and night,
I watched beside her bed;
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—and loved me for my care,—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

THE WEARY WATCHER.

'Tis not the hour her lover named,
Yet she already deems him late ;
And pouts her lip, as if ashamed
That mortal man should make her wait.

She counts the minutes o'er and o'er,
Yet seems unconscious of their flight ;
And she will watch the path no more
Where first his form will be in sight.

And were she summoned by his voice,
She would not turn her head to greet him ;
Come when he may, she will rejoice
To show how coldly she can meet him !

She will not frown, for frowns would say
That she had watched for his return ;
She will not smile,—it would betray
She saw him not with unconcern.

Oh ! should he ever come, no trace
Of weak emotion shall appear ;
She'll seem, while gazing on his face,
Unconscious that he stands so near.

No blush shall mantle on her cheek,
No tear shall tremble in her eye ;
To some young stranger she will speak,
And seem engrossed by his reply.

And thinking thus, she proudly leans
Against the marble balustrade ;
Come when he may, *she* never means
To raise her eyes, or turn her head !

Lady, most beautiful thou art,
And pride becomes thee 'mid the crowd :
But oh ! with him who wins thy heart,
Thou'rt fond—weak—any thing but proud.

Resentment when he leaves her side,
Betrays the depth of woman's love ;
And when she prattles of her pride,
What but her weakness doth she prove ?

Why starts she now ? why turns her head
With such a glance of gay delight ?
Alas ! forgetting all she said,
She smiles the moment he's in sight !

The weary watcher can command
No word to wound, no frown to chill ;
The silent pressure of her hand
Assures him he is welcome still.

THE ACCEPTED.

I **THANK** you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek,
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak :
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
Those tell-tale tears, that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel ;
From friends long tried and dearly loved,
The plighted bride must part :
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis,
Around the porch to climb ;

Yon casement with the wild-rose screen,
Yon little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And spurning every selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child ;
Sigh not for *her*—she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than *one* ;
She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles,
Supported by her son !

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth ;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth ;
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh ! never fear to cling to me—
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link !
And look upon yon church, the place
Of blessings and of prayer,
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who *could* dissemble *there* ?

Come to my home ; your bird shall have
 As tranquil a retreat ;
Your dog shall find a resting-place,
 And slumber at your feet ;
And while you turn your spinning-wheel,
 Oh ! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
 Your little golden ring.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

I DARE thee to forget me !
 Go wander where thou wilt ;
 Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
 Or on the sabre's hilt ;
 Away ! thou'rt free ! o'er land and sea
 Go rush to danger's brink !
 But oh, thou can'st not fly from thought !
 Thy curse will be—*to think* !

Remember me ! remember all,
 My long enduring love,
 That linked itself to perfidy ;
 The vulture and the dove !
 Remember in thy utmost need,
 I never once did shrink,
 But clung to thee confidingly ;
 Thy curse shall be—*to think*.

Then go ! that thought will render thee
 A dastard in the fight ;
 That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
 Will fight thee with affright !

In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—to *think* !

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom ;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—to *think* !

Forget me, false one! hope it not !
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing ;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Ay, every note will have its sting,
Thy curse will be—to *think* !

Forget me ! No, that shall not be !
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep ;
Thou'lt shriek for aid ! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to *think*.

THE FORSAKEN TO HER FATHER.

OH, name him not, unless it be
 In terms I shall not blush to hear :
 Oh, name him not, though false to me,
 Forget not he was once so dear.
 Oh, think of former happy days,
 When none could breathe a dearer name ;
 And if you can no longer praise,
 Be silent, and forbear to blame !

He *may* be *all* that you have heard,
 If proved, 'twere folly to defend :
 Yet pause ere you believe one word
 Breathed 'gainst the honour of a friend.
 How many seem in haste to tell
 What friends can never wish to know !
 I answer—*once* I knew him well,
 And *then*, at least, it was not so.

You say, when all condemn him thus,
 To praise him leads to disrepute :
 But, had the world thus censured us,
 Father ! *he* would not have been mute !

He may be changed, and he may learn
To slander friends, as others do :
But if *we* blame him, *we* in turn
Have learned that hateful lesson too !

Desertion of myself, his worst,
His *only* crime perhaps may prove ;
Shall he of all men be the *first*
Condemned for being false in love ?
The world has never yet denied
Its favour to the falsest heart ;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart !

You hate him, father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child.
Alas ! I strove to *hide* my woe,
And when *you* looked on me, I smiled ;
But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt :
I prayed for strength, but falling tears
Betrayed my weakness as I knelt.

Oh ! hate him not : he must have seen
Some error, that was never meant !
And love, you know, hath ever been
Prone to complain, and to resent !
Hate him not, father ! nor believe
Imputed crimes till they are *proved* ;
And *proof* should rather make us grieve
For one who once was so beloved.

MY HOME IS THE WORLD.

SPEED, speed, my fleet vessel ! the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night :
To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah ! why does despondency weigh down my heart ?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part ;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears !

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath.
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed,—no, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch as it did in old times ;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there—
But where is my father ? Oh ! answer me, where ?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there overlooking the lawn where I roved ;
She thoughtfully sat with her hand on her brow
As she watched her young darling ;—ah ! where is she now ?

And *there* is my dear sister's garden ; how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child !
Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheek was like rose-leaves !—ah ! where is she gone ?

No father reclines in the clematis seat !
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat !
No sister is there stealing slily away,
Till the half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she lay.

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness and wished to be here !
How oft have I said—" Could I once again see
That sweet little valley, how blest should I be !"

How blest !—Oh ! it is not a valley like this,
That unaided can realize visions of bliss ;
For voices I listen, and then I look round
For light steps that used to trip after the sound.

But see this green path ! I remember it well,
'Tis the way to the church—hark ! the toll of the bell !
How oft in my boyhood a truant I strayed
To yonder green yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now !
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew-tree's bough.
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought—*is the home of the dead !*

And was it for *this* I looked forward so long ?
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song ?
And turned from the dance of the dark girl of Spain ?
And wept for my country, again and again ?

And was it for *this* to my casement I crept
To gaze on the deep when I dreamed that I slept ?
To think of fond meetings—the welcome—the kiss—
The friendly hand's pressure—ah ! was it for *this* ?

When those who so long have been absent return
To the scenes of their childhood, *it is but to mourn* ;
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel,—the tempest may rave,
There's calm for my heart in the dash of the wave :
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel—the sails are unfurled,
Oh ! ask me not whither ? my home is the world !

I'VE HEARD MY OWN DEAR MOTHER SING.

I'VE heard my own dear mother sing
 A song of other times,
 'Twas one she valued more than all
 Her store of ballad rhymes ;
 The theme was one too often sung—
 The faithlessness of man !
 And when I said, " Come, sing to me,"
 'Twas thus her burden ran—
 " Beware ! beware ! oh, ladies fair !
 Of man's deceit beware !
 Beware ! beware ! oh, ladies fair,
 Of man's deceit beware !"

I wondered why my mother wept,
 For then she still was young,
 Yet with a touching earnestness
 These warning lines she sung—
 " I used to think man may be false ;"
 But what is that to us ?
 And when I said, " Come, sing to me,"
 The burden still ran thus—
 " Beware ! beware !" &c.

And now that strain I ne'er shall hear
From those dear lips again !
Yet in my mem'ry's deepest cell
Those warning lines remain ;
I thought not of thy gentle voice—
I heard a lover's vow ;
But oh ! my mother, feelingly
I sing that burden now:—
“ Beware ! beware ! oh, ladies fair !
Of man's deceit beware !
Beware ! beware ! oh, ladies fair,
Of man's deceit beware !”

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

OH ! when they brought me hither,
 They wondered at my wild delight,
 But would I were at home again,
 I cannot dance to-night.
 How can they all look cheerful ?
 The dance seems strangely dull to me,
 The music sounds so mournful,
 What can the reason be ?

Hark ! hark ! at length he's coming,
 I am not weary—let me stay !
 I hear his laugh distinctly now,
 'Twill chase the gloom away.
 Oh ! would that I were near him,
 He sees me not amid the crowd ;
 He hears me not—ah would I dared,
 To breathe his name aloud.

He leaves that group of triflers,
 And with the smile I love to see,
 He seems to seek for some one—
 Oh, is it not for me ?
 No, no ! 'tis for that dark-eyed girl,
 I see her now return his glance ;
 He passes me—he takes her hand—
 He leads her to the dance !

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER ?

Is there an unbeliever ?

One man who walks the earth,
And madly doubts that Providence
Watched o'er him at his birth ?
He robs mankind for ever
Of hopes beyond the tomb ;
What gives he as a recompense ?
The brute's unhallowed doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, and strength, and pride,
Oh ! lead his steps through valleys green,
Where rills mid cowslips glide :
Climb Nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod :
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God ?

Yes—the proud heart will ever
Prompt the false tongue's reply !
An Omnipresent Providence
Still madly he'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay ;
And hear the cry of penitence !—
He never learnt to pray !

I SAW HER ON THE VESSEL'S DECK.

I saw her on the vessel's deck,
A young and blooming bride ;
Her heart's first love, her wedded lord,
Was standing at her side :
And gazing on the friends of youth,
Perchance her eyes were dim ;
But, smiling through her tears she said,
" I give up all for him."

Oh ! long had those two beings loved,
Exchanging vows of truth ;
How sad it is when sorrow stains
The happy page of youth !
When fortune smiled, her promised store
Lay in a foreign land ;
But danger had no fears for them,
Encountered hand in hand.

Again she sought her native shore,
Ere two brief years were gone ;
Her hand no gentle pressure felt,
She paced the deck alone !
To weep upon a mother's breast,
Again she crossed the wave ;
And, self-reproved, in secret mourns
Desertion of his grave.

ROSE AILEEN.

It is not long since last we met,
And you are still the same ;
Yet, oh ! I saw you knew me not,
Until I told my name.
You mourn the change, and well you know
How deep my grief has been,
For you were with me when I won
The love of Rose Aileen.

I grieve to think my looks betray
The anguish of my heart ;
In death—I'd proudly still deny
That I had felt the dart :
Assuming smiles—amid the gay
I fain would still be seen ;
I would not have the world believe,
I sigh for Rose Aileen.

Yet do not heed my selfish boast—
A motive far more pure
Would make me struggle to conceal
The anguish I endure :
I'd rather mourn in solitude
Unpitied and unseen,
Than that my gloom should seem to chide
The smiles of Rose Aileen.

BEAUTY, WIT, AND GOLD.

IN her bower a widow dwelt,
At her feet three lovers knelt ;
Each adored the widow much,
Each essayed her heart to touch ;
One had wit, and one had gold—
One was cast in beauty's mould ;
Guess, which was it won the prize—
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes ?

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,
Red his lips and white his skin,
Could such beauty fail to win ?
Then stepped forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told ;
Wealth the burden of the tale,—
Could such golden projects fail ?

Then the man of wit and sense
Woo'd her with his eloquence,
Now she heard him with a sigh,
Then she blushed scarce knowing why ;
Then she smiled to hear him speak,
Then a tear was on her cheek ;
Beauty vanish—gold depart—
Wit hath won the widow's heart !

THE PILOT.

OH, pilot ! 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep,
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep.
 Go down ! the sailor cried, go down,
 This is no place for thee,
 Fear not ; but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah ! pilot, dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might :
 It is not apathy, he cried,
 That gives this strength to me ;
 Fear not ; but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulfed
 My father's lifeless form ;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm :
 And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
 But still, I say to thee
 Fear not ; but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL !

SHADES of ev'ning, close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile !
 Morn, alas ! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle ;
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light ;
 Who will fill our vacant places ?
 Who will sing our songs to-night ?
 Through the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing, fondly, fare thee well !

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon ;
 What would not I give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell ?
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet ;
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet ;
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings.
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
 Power, alas ! nought but misery brings ;
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day ;
 Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay :
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned
To take a last fond look,
Of the valley and the village church
And the cottage by the brook ;
He listened to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze ;
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear,
But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,
Oh, do not deem him weak ;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek ;
Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

THE DARK WINTER TIME.

A GOBLET with gems may be shining,
 Though bitter the poison within ;
 So gay wreaths are often entwining
 The lure that entices to sin :
 Oh ! turn from the false tongues that flatter,
 They cannot ennoble a crime !
 Oh ! think of the thorns that would scatter
 O'er thy path in the dark winter time.

The home of thy youth may be lonely,
 The friends of thy youth may be cold ;
 The morals they teach may seem only
 Fit chains for the feeble and old :
 Yet, though they may fetter a spirit
 That soars in the pride of its prime,
 The friends of thy infancy merit
 All thy love in the dark winter time.

The stranger in gems would array thee,
 More pure are the braids thou hast worn ;
 Say, would not their lustre betray thee,
 Attracting the finger of scorn ?
 Go gaze once again on thy dwelling,
 The porch where the wild flowers climb ;
 Go pray, while thy young heart is swelling
 Pray for peace in the dark winter time.

LONG, LONG AGO.

TELL me the tales that to me were so dear,

Long, long ago,—long, long ago ;

Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed,

Let me forget that so long you have roved,

Let me believe that you love as you loved,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,

Long, long ago,—long, long ago ?

Ah, yes ; you told me you ne'er would forget,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

Then to all others my smile you preferred,

Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,

Long, long ago,—long, long ago ;

You by more eloquent lips have been praised,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

But by long absence your truth has been tried,

Still to your accents I listen with pride,

Blest as I was when I sat by your side,

Long, long ago,—long ago.

TEACH, OH ! TEACH ME TO FORGET.

FRIENDS depart, and memory takes them
 To her caverns pure and deep !
 And a forced smile only wakes them
 From the shadows where they sleep !
 Who shall school the heart's affection ?
 Who shall banish its regret ?
 If you blame my deep dejection,
 Teach, oh ! teach me, to forget !

Bear me not to festive bowers,
 'Twas with them I sat there last !
 Weave me not spring's early flowers,
 They'll remind me of the past.
 Music seems like mournful wailing,
 In the halls where we have met ;
 Mirth's gay call is unavailing,
 Teach, oh ! teach me, to forget !

One who hopelessly remembers,
 Cannot bear a dawning light ;
 He would rather watch the embers
 Of a love that once was bright.
 Who shall school the heart's affection ?
 Who shall banish its regret ?
 If you blame my deep dejection,
 Teach, oh ! teach me, to forget !

TOO OFT IN PURE RELIGION'S NAME.

Too oft in pure Religion's name
 Hath human blood been spilt,
 And Pride hath claimed a patriot's fame,
 To crown the deed of guilt !
 Oh ! look not on the field of blood—
 Religion is not *there* ;
 Her battle-field is solitude—
 Her only watchword Prayer !

The sable cowl Ambition wears
 To hide its laurel wreath ;
 The spotless sword that Virtue bears,
 Will slumber in its sheath ;
 The truly brave fight not for fame,
 Though fearless they go forth ;
 They war not in Religion's name—
 They pray for *peace* on earth !

By them, that fear is never felt
 Which weakly clings to life,
 If shrines by which their fathers knelt,
 Be periled in the strife ;
 Not theirs the heart, that spiritless
 From threatened wrong withdraws ;
 Not theirs the vaunted holiness
 That veils an earthly cause.

OH, I COME NOT TO UPBRAID THEE.

OH, I come not to upbraid thee,
 Nor to woo thee am I here ;
 Though in peril I would aid thee,
 Though in sorrow I would cheer ;
 Though 'tis *thou* I'd snatch from danger,
 On its brink were thousands thrown ;
 Yet the vow of some mere stranger
 I would trust before thine own !

It will be a source of wonder,
 When we part, I know it well ;
Why our hearts were torn asunder,
 Let thine own false accents tell ;
 Thou may'st say I did deceive thee—
 Unprovoked I did renounce ;
 There are many will believe thee,
 E'en as *I* believed thee *once*.

I would peril life to save thee ;
 For no other do I live ;
 No—the love I freely gave thee,
 To no other can I give :
 And with me *all* love was over,
 When my first love proved a dream ;
 I have ceased to be thy lover,
 Love could not survive esteem.

MAY THY LOT IN LIFE BE HAPPY.

MAY thy lot in life be happy,
 Undisturbed by thoughts of me,
 The God who shelters innocence,
 Thy guard and guide will be ;
 Thy heart will lose the chilling sense
 Of hopeless love at last,
 And the sunshine of the future
 Chase the shadows of the past.

I never wish to meet thee more,
 Though I am still thy friend ;
 I never wish to meet thee more,
 Since dearer ties must end ;
 With worldly smiles, and worldly words,
 I could not pass thee by,
 Nor turn from thee unfeelingly,
 With cold averted eye.

I never wish to meet thee more,
 Yet think not I've been taught
 By smiling foes to injure thee
 By one unworthy thought ;
 No ! blest with some beloved one,
 From care and sorrow free,
 May thy lot in life be happy,
 Undisturbed by thoughts of me.

THE VETERAN.

It was a Sabbath morn,
 The bell had chimed for church,
 And the young and gay were gathering
 Around the rustic porch ;
 There came an aged man,
 In a soldier's garb was he,
 And gazing round the group, he cried,
 " Do none remember me ?"

The veteran forgot
 His friends were changed or gone ;
 The manly forms around him there,
 As children he had known ;
 He pointed to the spot
 Where his dwelling used to be,
 Then told his name, and smiling said,
 " You now remember me !"

Alas ! none knew him there !
 He pointed to a stone,
 On which the name he breathed was traced,
 A name to them unknown ;
 And then the old man wept,
 " I am friendless now," cried he ;
 " Where I had many friends in youth,
 Not one remembers me !"

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate, I promise thee,
I never will forget
The shaded path beneath the tree
Where we so oft have met ;
We wandered till the stars stole forth,
You whispered " Love, 'tis late,"
And yet I lingered still to breathe
Farewell to pretty Kate.

My pretty Kate, I must be gone,—
I thank you for the tear,
That half against your will betrays
You wish I'd tarry here :
It may not be, a roving life
Hath ever been my fate,
But as I nightly pace the deck,
I'll sigh for pretty Kate.

My pretty Kate, too well I know
You will forget your grief,
Before yon barren winter bough
Assumes its summer leaf :
Ah ! could I hope, when lovers come,
For me you still would wait,
I'd brave the battle and the storm,
And live for pretty Kate.

THE GIPSY'S MYSTERY.

SHALL I tell the gipsy's mystery,
And the secret of her skill,
The spell by which her eye explores
All future good or ill ?
It is not written in the hand
On which she seems to look,
She caught a glimpse of your sweet face,
And that hath been her book.

You seem to wonder when she counts
The conquests you have made :
But that is nought, the future proves
The triumph of her trade.
She prattles of your past career,
Can that excite surprise ?
The dullest gipsy girl may read
Your conquests in your eyes.

She tells you too of future years ;
I deem her art a jest ;
She speaks of lovers, and of one
More happy than the rest.
Beloved by all, you'll love but one ;
There, I'm prophetic too ;
Your beauty first will win his love,
Your virtue keep him true.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

It is not on the battle-field
That I would wish to die ;
It is not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh.
And though a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom ;
I ask no laurel for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath
A soldier proudly wears ;
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier proudly dares ;
When slaughtered comrades round me lie,
I'd be the last to yield ;
But yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battle-field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh ! still let me retain
Enough of life to crawl away,
To this sweet vale again ;
For like the wounded weary dove,
That flutters to its nest,
I fain would reach my own dear love,
And die upon her breast.

OH NO ! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH, no ! we never mention her ;
 Her name is never heard ;
 My lips are now forbid to speak
 That once familiar word.
 From sport to sport they hurry me,
 To banish my regret ;
 And when they win a smile from me,
 They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
 The charms that others see ;
 But were I in a foreign land,
 They'd find no change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more
 The valley where we met ;
 I do not see the hawthorn tree—
 But how can I forget !

They tell me she is happy now—
 The gayest of the gay ;
 They hint that she forgets me now,
 But heed not what they say ;
 Like me perhaps she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret ;
 But if she loves, as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

THEY WEEP WHEN I HAVE NAMED HER !

THEY weep when I have named her !

I'm sure she was more dear
To ME than all the world beside,
And yet I shed no tear ;
I culled the freshest roses,
And twined them for her hair,
And then I sought her chamber—
But oh ! she is not there !

They tell me I have lost her ;
I smile to see them mourn :
She COULD not thus desert me—
I know she will return ;
And I have decked her bower
With all my former care,
And now I came to seek her—
But oh ! she is not there !

I saw them kneel in silence
Beneath a yew-tree's gloom,
They pointed to the name I loved
Upon a marble tomb,
And THEN I wept—but something
Forbade me to despair,
I felt that we should meet again—
For oh ! she is not there !

WELCOME ME HOME.

GAILY the Troubadour
 Touched his guitar,
 When he was hastening
 Home from the war ;
 Singing " From Palestine
 Hither I come,
 Ladye love ! ladye love !
 Welcome me home."

She for the Troubadour
 Hopelessly wept,
 Sadly she thought of him,
 When others slept :
 Singing " In search of thee
 Would I might roam,
 Troubadour ! Troubadour !
 Come to thy home."

Hark ! 'twas the Troubadour
 Breathing her name,
 Under the battlement
 Softly he came,
 Singing " From Palestine
 Hither I come,
 Ladye love ! ladye love !
 Welcome me home."

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

You think I have a merry heart,
 Because my songs are gay;
 But, oh ! they all were taught to me
 By friends now far away;
 The bird retains his silver note,
 Though bondage chains his wing;
 His song is not a happy one,—
 I'm saddest when I sing !

I heard them first in that sweet home
 I never more shall see,
 And now each song of joy has got
 A plaintive turn for me !
 Alas ! 'tis vain in winter time
 To mock the songs of spring,
 Each note recalls some withered leaf,—
 I'm saddest when I sing !

Of all the friends I used to love,
 My harp remains alone,
 Its faithful voice still seems to be
 An echo of my own :
 My tears when I bend over it,
 Will fall upon its string,
 Yet those who hear me, little think
 I'm saddest when I sing !

'Twill REMIND YOU OF ME.

'Twill remind you of me—though the token
 Is neither of silver or gold,
 'Twill remind you of words we have spoken,
 How fond must now never be told ;
 Of the days when I thought your affection
 Like mine, everlasting would be ;
 Yet, though you may fly from reflection,
 That still must remind you of me !

'Twill remind you of me—though you shun it,
 And throw it aside with disdain,
 You will one day look sadly upon it,
 And sigh for your first-love again ;
 THAT GIFT will be seen among many,
 And mine the least worthy may be,
 And yet, perchance, dearer than any,
 Because 'twill remind you of me !

'Twill remind you of me—when I'm sleeping
 Far off where my forefathers sleep ;
 When past is my season of weeping,
 It grieves me to think you will weep ;
 You will press to your heart the last token
 Of one you can never more see ;
 'Twill remind you of vows you have broken,
 Ah ! yes, 'twill remind you of me !

OH ! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS ?

OH ! where do fairies hide their heads,
 When snow lies on the hills ?
 When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
 And crystallized their rills :
 Beneath the moon they cannot trip
 In circles o'er the plain :
 And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
 Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small blue diving-bells,
 They plunge beneath the waves ;
 Inhabiting the wreathed shells
 That lie in coral caves ;
 Perhaps in red Vesuvius
 Carousal they maintain ;
 And cheer their little spirits thus,
 Till green leaves come again.

When THEY return, there will be mirth,
 And music in the air ;
 And fairy rings upon the earth,
 And mischief every where ;
 The maids to keep the elves aloof,
 Will bar the doors in vain ;
 No keyhole will be fairy proof,
 When green leaves come again.

TOUJOURS LE MEME.

"TOUJOURS le même" was engraved on the token,
 The ring Rosa gave to the youth she preferred,
 Sadly she gazed from her casement heart-broken,
 And waved a farewell, but she spoke not a word.
 He sighed adieu, and she thought sighed sincerely,
 Whilst fondly he cried, "Oh ! forget not my name,
 When far, far away, I shall love thee as dearly,
 As fondly, faithfully, Toujours le même."

When he was gone, for a time, he roved blindly
 'Midst beauties, and sighed at the liveliest ball ;
 But when fair maids on his sadness looked kindly,
 The sad one had smiles to bestow on them all.
 If on the past the gay youth e'er reflected,
 New pleasures were sought to drown sorrow and shame ;
 Too soon he forgot Rosa's smiles, and neglected
 Her ring and its motto of—Toujours le même.

Rosa was sad ; for a time she persuaded
 Her fond heart, that chance his return might defer ;
 But when the hopes she had cherished all faded,
 His coldness, his falsehood were fatal to her.
 Ah ! is it strange, while men wildly are roving,
 Their thoughts and their vows are not ever the same ?
 Man loves again, and ne'er suffers from loving,
 But woman, sweet woman, is Toujours le même.

IT WAS A DREAM OF PERFECT BLISS.

IT was a dream of perfect bliss,
 Too beautiful to last—
 I seemed to welcome back again
 The bright days of the past !
 I was a boy, my mimic ship
 Sailed down the village stream,
 And I was gay and innocent,
 But ah ! it was a dream.

And soon I left the childish toy
 For those of manhood's choice,
 The beauty of a woman's form,
 The sweetness of her voice.
 I thought she gave me blameless love,
 The nursling of esteem—
 And that such love I merited,
 But ah ! it was a dream.

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,
 I saw her cheek grow pale ;
 But o'er her fate the vision threw
 A bright delusive veil—
 I thought she lived, and that I saw
 Our bridal torches gleam ;
 And I was happy with my bride,
 But ah ! it was a dream.

WHY COMES HE NOT?

WHY comes he not ?—why comes he not ?

Oh sister, can you say ?

My boy and I have watched the path

Together all the day.

I'm jealous of the eager child,

I fain would be alone,

That his first coming may be seen

By no eye save my own.

He comes—'tis he—I hear his steed,

Ah, would he were in sight !

You think I am deceived ! But hark,

You hear him—I was right.

Fool that I was—had I gone forth

Beyond that shady grove,

I might already have beheld

The form of him I love.

He darts like lightning from the trees,

He waves his hand aloft ;

Again I hear those words of love,

That I have heard so oft.

I envy not the dame whose lord

Is never forced to roam,

She never knew the boundless joy

Of such a welcome home !

THE MINSTREL.

THERE was a bard in feudal times,
 A peasant's only child,
 And like his native hills, his rhymes
 Were beautiful and wild ;
 His rustic harp, of maple made,
 Though simple were its chords,
 Its music spoke, whene'er he played,
 The feeling of his words.

Soon nobles, lords and ladies, came
 To hear the minstrel's lay,
 And beauteous damsels breathed his name,
 The idol of the day ;
 His home he left, he threw aside
 His harp so dear of old,
 When gained in halls of wealth and pride
 The prize, a harp of gold.

Now forced and feeble was his song,
 Unsteady too his hand,—
 His spirit had been free too long
 To own a lord's command ;
 'Tis nature and simplicity
 To music charms impart,
 Their strains alone in minstrelsy
 Can touch the feeling heart.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

I PASSED a cottage garden,
Where two young lovers strayed ;
He was a youth of high descent,
And she a cottage maid :
I heard the vows he murmured,
As her little hand he prest,
I longed to say—Beware ! beware !
Such love is seldom blest.

Again I passed that garden,
And the maid was all alone,
I heard her singing at her work,
But in a plaintive tone.
She waited for her bridegroom,
A long expected guest ;
I pitied her, for well I knew
Such love is seldom blest.

And once again I saw her,
How bitterly she cried,—
That day her noble lover passed,
And with a noble bride.
She knelt where first I saw her,
When her hand he fondly prest,—
A broken heart is thine poor girl,
Such love is seldom blest.

THE SELF-DEVOTED NUN.

WHEN I hear the vesper bell,
And the sisters bend the knee,
Breathing prayers for all the world,
In my heart I pray for thee ;
Yes, for thee alone I pray,
But the novice they would blame,
Did they know that in her cell
She had dared to breathe thy name.

I have spurned thy proffered love,
And thy presence still I shun,
I am blameless, what art thou
To the self-devoted nun !
Oh, it is my boast to dwell
With the gay, the false, the free,
And 'tis therefore on my knee
That I still must pray for thee.

We shall meet no more on earth,
Thou wilt think of me no more,
And I'll pray that we may meet
When this transient life is o'er ;
When this world has lost its charm,
May it soothe thy soul's despair,
To remember that thy name
Has been hallowed by my prayer.

THE DARK-EYED GIPSY.

DARK-EYED gipsy, come not hither
 To unveil my future doom ;
 Tell me not in tranquil weather
 Of the cloud that is to come ;
 Though e'en now the sunbeam leaves me,
 Let me dream that it will last,
 Till the happy future gives me
 Some atonement for the past.

Tempt me not with happy fictions,
 It would madden me to hear ;
 Chill me not with dark predictions,
 I should listen with a tear ;
 Wave no wand of magic o'er me,
 Vaunt not of your mystic skill ;
 Let the veil that lies before me
 Be impenetrable still.

When the young and gay are near you,
 Then indulge your magic mood ;
 How intently will they hear you,
 Credulous of all that's good !
 Boast of all the bliss you've brought them,
 Give imagination scope ;
 Disappointment hath not taught them
 To mistrust the dreams of hope.

MY HEART IS OPPRESSED TO-DAY.

OH, leave me to my sorrow,
 For my heart's oppressed to-day,
 Oh, leave me, and to-morrow
 Dark shadows may pass away.
 There's a time when all that grieves us
 Is felt with a deeper gloom ;
 There's a time when hope deceives us
 As we dream of days to come.

In winter from the mountain
 The stream like a torrent flows,
 In summer the same fountain
 Is calm as a child's repose.
 In grief the first pangs wound us,
 And tears of despair gush on,—
 Time brings new flowers around us,
 And the tide of grief is gone.

Then heed not my pensive hours,
 Nor bid me be cheerful now ;
 Can sunshine raise the flowers
 That droop on a blighted bough ?
 The lake in the tempest wears not
 The brightness its slumber wore ;
 The heart of the mourner cares not
 For joys that were dear before.

THE GRENADIER.

CRIES William, when just come from sea,

“Does any one know my Annette?

Oh say, is she faithful to me?

Alas! it is long since we met.”

“Yes, yes,” an old gossip replies,

“We all know her very well here,—

She has red lips and bonny black eyes,

And she lives with her own granny dear!”

Annette flew to welcome him home,

He turned from the maid with disdain,—

“False girl, I suppose you are come

To jeer me and laugh at my pain:

Since scandal hath blotted your name,

I deem you unworthy a tear;

I’ve been told, by an elderly dame,

That you live with your own grenadier!”

Quoth pretty Annette, “Do you dare

To call me inconstant and frail?

Beware, Master William, beware

How you trump up an old woman’s tale:

’Tis true, when such stories are told,

We should not believe half that we hear;

Yet I own that my granny is old,

And I live with my own granny dear!”

THE DESERTER.

'Tis the dismal beat of a muffled drum,
 A crowd on the rampart gathers ;
 What means that dirge amid prancing steeds,
 Bright armour and flaunting feathers !
 In the martial throng ONE warrior kneels,
 With no warrior's garb upon him,
 And he hides his face with his folded hands,
 For his old companions shun him.

The deserter shrinks from the thought of death,
 But it is not a coward's terror,
 No, fain would he die in well-fought field,
 To blot out one fatal error !
 Again ! 'tis the beat of the muffled drum,
 And the fatal arms are ready,
 And the prisoner waits for the signal word,
 With an aspect calm and steady.

They have bound his eyes with a silken fold,
 But his hands again displace it ;
 For he who deserves so vile a doom,
 Hath at least the nerve to face it ;
 Shall the brand of dishonour gall the heart,
 That hath sighed for the wreath of glory ?
 Shall his children blush for their father's shame,
 When they hear the mournful story ?

MY HEART IS ALL ALONE.

I'm standing in a crowd,
 The proudest of the land ;
 I see the young and brave
 Are in King Beauty's hand ;
 Fair girls are by my side,
 They move to music's tone,
 I see, I hear, I know them—but
 My heart is all alone.

I look around for thee,
 I list thy voice to hear,
 No sight, no sound will come to me,
 Oh none that's half so dear !
 I ask the many why
 And whither thou art flown,
 And when they cannot tell, I feel
 My heart is all alone.

And now this glad bright throng
 Has little charm for me,
 My thoughts are borne along
 As barks glide o'er the sea ;
 Away from hall and harp and dance,
 They wander—all thine own—
 And 'mid the crowds that press around,
 My heart is all alone.

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

THE rose that all are praising,
 Is not the rose for me ;
 Too many eyes are gazing
 Upon the costly tree ;
 But there's a rose in yonder glen,
 That shuns the gaze of other men,
 For me its blossom raising,—
 Oh ! that's the rose for me.

The gem a king might covet,
 Is not the gem for me ;
 From darkness who would move it,
 Save that the world may see ?
 But I've a gem that shuns display,
 And next my heart worn every day,
 So dearly do I love it,—
 Oh ! that's the gem for me.

Gay birds in cages pining,
 Are not the birds for me ;
 Those plumes so brightly shining,
 Would fain fly off from thee :
 But I've a bird that gaily sings ;
 Though free to rove, she folds her wings,
 For me her flight resigning,—
 Oh ! that's the bird for me.

THOUGH THE SUMMER MAY HAVE ROSES.

THOUGH the summer may have roses
 That outshine the buds of spring,
 Deeper shadows in the forest,
 Blither birds upon the wing ;
 When I see a bright May morning,
 After long, long days of gloom,
 Summer seems to sport around me,
 In his infancy of bloom.

Oh ! 'tis sad to see the splendour
 Of the summer pass away,
 When the night is always stealing
 Precious moments from the day :
 But in spring each lengthened evening
 Tempts us farther off from home,
 And if summer has more beauty,
 All that beauty is to come.

It is thus, in manhood's summer,
 That the heart too often grieves
 Over friends lost prematurely,
 Like the fall of blighted leaves ;
 But life's spring-time is far sweeter,
 When each green bud that appears
 May expand into a blossom,
 To enliven future years.

THE DESERT ISLE.

ANOTHER day is closing,
 And there's no sail in sight,
 I dread the coming shadows
 Of hopeless, sleepless night ;
 No wife will watch my slumbers,
 No friend my name will bless,
 No children throng around me,
 To sue for a caress.

When darkness veils the ocean,
 I kindle yonder pile ;
 But no eye marks the beacon,
 No stranger seeks the isle.
 Alas ! my weak hand trembles,
 When thus I try once more,
 That chance of preservation
 Which failed so oft before.

Yet once again it blazes,
 Reflected in the deep,
 Ah ! would those flames could waken
 My loved ones where they sleep ;
 But 'twill not guide them hither,
 My beacon burns in vain,
 And I shall never listen
 To words of love again.

SIGH NOT FOR SUMMER FLOWERS.

SIGH not for summer flowers,
 What though the dark sky lowers,
 Welcome ye wintry hours,—
 Our sunshine is within.
 Though to the west retreating,
 Daylight so soon is fleeting,
 Now happy friends are meeting,
 And now their sports begin.

Leaves, that our path once shaded,
 Now lie around us faded,
 Groves, where we serenaded,
 Are desolate and chill.
 Nature awhile reposes,
 Art his gay realm uncloses,
 Beauty displays her roses,
 And we are happy still !

Round us 'tis deeply snowing,
 Hark ! the loud tempest blowing !
 See ! the dark torrent flowing !
 How wild the skies appear !
 But can the whirlwind move us ?
 No ! with this roof above us,
 Near to the friends that love us,
 We still have sunshine here.

I TURN TO THEE IN TIME OF NEED.

I TURN to thee in time of need,
 And never turn in vain ;
 I see thy fond and fearless smile,
 And hope revives again.
 It gives me strength to struggle on,
 Whate'er the strife may be ;
 And if again my courage fail,
 Again I turn to thee.

Thy timid beauty charmed me first ;
 I breathed a lover's vow,
 But, little thought to find the friend
 Whose strength sustains me now ;
 I deemed thee made for summer skies,
 But in the stormy sea,
 Deserted by all former friends,
 Dear love, I turn to thee.

Should e'er some keener sorrow throw
 A shadow o'er my mind ;
 And should I, thoughtless, breathe to thee,
 One word that is unkind ;
 Forgive it, love ! thy smile will set
 My better feelings free ;
 And with a look of boundless love,
 I still shall turn to thee.

OH, DARK-EYED MAID OF PALESTINE!

Oh, dark-eyed maid of Palestine,
 Though thou hast set me free,
 Mistake me not, I cannot breathe
 Affection's vow to thee.
 The love that I can never feel
 My lips would scorn to feign,
 Then summon forth thy father's guard,
 And give me back my chain.

Far in a land thou ne'er wilt view,
 I left a gentle bride,
 I know that in my plighted vow
 Her fond heart will confide :
 She may be told that far away
 Her captive love was slain ;
 She shall not hear that I was false—
 Then give me back my chain.

I see a tear steal o'er thy cheek,
 My sentence I await ;
 But now thy trembling finger points
 To yonder open gate !
 Dark maid of Palestine, I seek
 My plighted bride again,—
 And when we cease to pray for thee,
 Oh, give me back my chain !

OH ! COME TO ME.

OH ! come to me, and bring with thee
 The sunny smiles of former years ;
 If smiles so bright will lend their light
 To cheer a brow long used to tears :
 I will not let one sad regret,
 One gloomy thought, our meeting chill ;
 But for thy sake, I'll strive to make
 This altered cheek look cheerful still.
 But if the gloom of life is come,
 If smiles have now forsaken thee ;
 Then let not pride attempt to hide
 The dreary change—but come to me !

If thou art gay, I will not say
 One gloomy word to cause a tear ;
 If thou art sad, I'll wish I had
 A brighter home for one so dear.
 Then come to me, our theme shall be
 The friends we love—not those we mourn ;
 We'll not destroy a present joy,
 Lamenting joys that ne'er return ;
 The ardent rays of early days,
 And boyhood's bloom, we ne'er may see ;
 But days of bright and pure delight
 May be in store,—then come to me.

SONG OF THE FAY.

OH ! where have you been, sweet sister Fay ?
 I have slept in the lily, all the long day,
 And many an insect came to look
 For the honey that lay in my fragrant nook.
 I was armed with a spear from a hawthorn spray,
 And afraid of its point they all fluttered away,
 So I sung my own lullaby, sleeping at ease,
 In the bell of a lily that waved in the breeze !
 The day is for labour, the night is for glee,—
 Come, brother, trip lightly with me,
 Come, sister, trip lightly with me,—
 Come, brother, come, sister, trip lightly with me !

Where are you going, sweet sister Fay ?
 To the turf that is greenest I'm tripping away.
 Hark ! hark ! the sweet music of midnight I hear,
 The holly leaves rustle, we've startled a deer ;
 The rivulets, gushing through coral caves,
 At intervals drip in the dark blue waves :
 I've jewelled my hair and I've spangled my wing,
 For I'm going to dance at the court of the king !
 The day is for labour, the night is for glee,—
 Come, brother, trip lightly with me,
 Come, sister, trip lightly with me,—
 Come, sister, come, brother, trip lightly with me.

HE CAME AT MORN.

HE came at morn to the lady's bower—
 He sang, and played till the noontide hour ;—
 He sang of war—he sang of love,
 Of battle-field, and peaceful grove :
 The lady could have stayed all day,
 To hear that gentle minstrel play ;
 And when she saw the minstrel go,
 The lady's tears began to flow.

At mid-day, with her page she went
 To grace a splendid tournament ;
 And there she saw an armed knight,
 With golden helm and plumage white ;
 With grace he rode his sable steed,—
 And after many a martial deed,
 He knelt to her with words most sweet,
 And laid his trophies at her feet.

At night, in robes both rich and rare,
 With jewels sparkling in her hair,
 She sought the dance, and smiling came
 A youthful prince, and breathed her name ;
 He sang—it was the minstrel's strain !
 He knelt—she saw the knight again ?
 With lovers *three*—how blest to find
 The charms of *all* in *one* combined !

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

Am I then so soon deserted ?
Is my boasted beauty gone ?
Was I sought, and was I courted
For my gold alone ?
Ah ! dear girls, my grief behold !
Love will not be bought with gold.

In my home the lover found me,
Then these eyes had ne'er been dim,
Many friends were smiling round me,
Yet I welcomed him !
Oh ! how could you change such bliss,
False one, to a doom like this ?

Yet I loved you, and I swerve not
From the love I once profess :
Though such duty you deserve not,
I'll not love you less :
No, I came with my free will,
And, alas ! I love you still.

Take my gold, ah ! could I weave it
Into love's own precious chain,
Trust me, I would freely give it,
Were it mine again :
Faithful love forgets its pride,
Come to your deserted bride.

OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?

OF what is the old man thinking,
 As he leans on his oaken staff?
 From the May-day pastime shrinking,
 He shares not the merry laugh.
 But the tears of the old man flow,
 As he looks on the young and gay ;
 And his gray head, moving slow,
 Keeps time to the air they play.
 The elders around are drinking,
 But not one cup will he quaff ;
 Oh of what is the old man thinking,
 As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
 That the old man sheds a tear,
 'Tis not for his strength declining—
 He sighs not to linger here.
 There's a spell in the air they play,
 And the old man's eyes are dim,
 For it calls up a past May-day,
 And the dear friends lost to him.
 From the scene before him shrinking,
 From the dance and the merry laugh,
 Of their calm repose he is thinking,
 As he leans on his oaken staff.

TO LINGER NEAR THEE.

To linger near thee, to see and hear thee,
 Shall be for ever my prayer ;
 Those eyes enchant me, oh ! lady, grant me
 One smile to banish despair.
 With thee I'll wander, still growing fonder,
 Thy willing captive I'll prove ;
 Though once a rover, all that is over,
 For thou hast taught me to love.
 Thy voice I'm sure, dear, is soft and pure, dear,
 Then let my song be thy choice ;
 Don't pause a minute, at once begin it,
 Oh ! how I long to hear thy voice.

Nay, why so chilling ? why thus unwilling
 To give me pleasure ? Dearest sing ;
 Content I'll stay, dear, the livelong day, dear,
 Take my guitar and touch the string ;
 A bright eye charms me, and beauty warms me,
 These without music weary soon ;
 Venus to me, love, a fright would be, love,
 If I heard her sing out of tune.
 Thy voice I'm sure, dear, is soft and pure, dear,
 Then let my song be thy choice—
 Don't pause a minute, at once begin it—
 Oh ! how I long to hear thy voice.

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

In happier hours, my pleasure all day,
Was to rove with the thoughtless or dance with the gay ;
Through life as I sported no clouds could I see,
And the hearts that were gayest were dearest to me ;
But now in affliction how changed is the view,
Though gay hearts are many, sincere ones are few.

Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test ;
Their love and their friendship endure for awhile—
When Fortune is smiling, they also can smile :
Like blossoms that wither when daylight is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But thou in my sorrow still faithfully came,
And though I am altered I find thee the same :
Whene'er you come near me, no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind ;
Like the Night-blooming Ceres which sheds its perfume,
And opens its blossoms 'midst darkness and gloom.

DEARER THAN LIFE THOU ART !

DEARER than life thou art, can I say more ?
True, I have told thee so often before ;
But of thy apathy still I complain,
Therefore I tell it thee over again,
Thou wert my hope 'mid the perils of war,
Dearer than life thou art—dearer by far.

Some may have eloquent lips, I confess,
Accents more studied their feelings express ;
But not a lover before thee has knelt,
Feeling one half of the love I have felt ;
Dear thou art still though my bliss thou may'st mar,
Dearer than life thou art—dearer by far.

If thou art won by gay lovers like these,
Still thou shalt find me endeavour to please ;
Woo thee in accents as proud as their own,
Tell thee thy graces would honour a throne ;
Call thee my rosebud, my diamond, my star,
Dearer than life thou art—dearer by far.

HOME OF MY YOUTH.

SCENE of my pleasure, scene of my pain,
Home of my fathers, I leave thee again !

Sunshine and flowers
Dwell in thy bowers,
Peace in thy towers,
Home of my youth !

In the parched desert I'll sigh for thy rills,
Gushing so brightly from ever green hills ;

Sunshine and flowers
Dwell in thy bowers,
Peace in thy towers,
Home of my youth !

Wounded, or wearing the Saracen's chain,
Thee will I pray for again and again !

Sunshine and flowers
Dwell in thy bowers,
Peace in thy towers,
Home of my youth !

SHE WOULD NOT KNOW ME.

SHE would not know me were she now to view me ;
My heart was gay, when long ago she knew me ;
My songs were daily tuned to some gay measure,
And all my visions were of future pleasure ;
Oh ! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by—she will not know me.

In these sad accents she will ne'er discover
The cheerful voice of him who was her lover ;
Nor will these features in their gloom remind her
Of the gay smile they wore when she was kinder :
Oh ! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by—she will not know me.

'Twould pain her, did she note my deep dejection,
To know that she had crushed such fond affection :
And not for all the world shall my distresses
Chase from her heart the joy it still possesses ;
Oh ! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by she will not know me.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

W^HATE'ER our lot in life may be,
 Sweet early days, we turn to you ;
 The friends who won our youthful love,
 Are dearer far than ties more new :
 Though fortune, when those friends depart,
 May lead us on through flowery ways,
 We miss the sunshine of the heart,
 That sheds a light o'er early days.

Oh ! what must be endured by those
 Whose hopes are blighted ere they bloom—
 Who see false friends becoming foes,
 Fast as life's gladness fades to gloom !
 More fondly to the blissful past,
 They turn when present bliss decays ;
 And fading memory loses last,
 Her deep regret for early days. "

Beaumont

LISTEN, DEAR FANNY ?

LISTEN, dear Fanny, oh ! listen to me,
Thy soldier lad offers his love song to thee.

Listen to me,
Thy soldier lad offers his love song to thee ;
He throws by his sword and each token of war,
And wanders by night with his peaceful guitar.

Listen, dear Fanny, oh ! listen to me,
Thy soldier lad offers his love song to thee.

Listen, dear Fanny, though many there be,
Professing to love thee,—none love thee like me.

Many there be,
Professing to love thee,—none love thee like me,
Beware of the jealous, oh, lady ! beware,
Their green eyes seek falsehood in all that is fair !

Listen, dear Fanny, oh, listen to me,
Thy soldier lad offers his love song to thee.

WHAT SHALL BE MY THEME ?

WHAT shall be my theme,
When I sing to thee,
Sitting by the village stream,
Under the chestnut tree ?
Tell me, wilt thou choose
A gay or mournful string ?
Shall love or war inspire my muse ?
Say, what shall I sing ?

I'll not sing of war,—
Such a theme would be
Much too sad—a gentle star
Watches over thee :
Let me hear thy voice,
And touch thy own lute's string ;—
And whate'er shall be thy choice,
That song will I sing.

OH SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

OH say not 'twere a keener blow,
 To lose a child of riper years,
 You cannot know a father's wo—
 You cannot dry a father's tears ;
 The girl who rears a sickly plant,
 Or cherishes a wounded dove,
 Will love them most while most they want
 The watchfulness of love !

Time must have changed that fair young brow,
 Time might have changed that spotless heart ;
 Years might have brought deceit,—but now
 In love's confiding dawn we part !
 Ere pain and grief had sown decay,
 My babe is cradled in the tomb,—
 Like some fair blossom torn away
 In all its purest bloom.

GO, AND FORGET THAT WE HAVE MET.

“Go, and forget that we have met,
Go to the friends dearest to thee ;”
Loved as thou art, freely depart,
When far away think not of me.
Others more fair will receive thee ;
Garlands like mine they will weave thee ;
Smile and deceive, they will believe,
E’en as I used to believe thee.

Though my tears flow bidding thee go,
More should I weep wert thou to stay ;
Better at once all hope renounce,
Than see thee change day after day.
Go—I will never accuse thee ;
Seek her whose smile will amuse thee ;
She in her turn too soon may learn
What I endure thus to lose thee.

THE VOWS OF MEN.

WRITE on the sand when the tide is low ;
Seek the spot when the waters flow ;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard ;
Pause that the echo may catch the word ;
If that you wrote on the sand should last—
If echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream at morn ;
Watch at eve for the flower's return ;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain ;
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again ;
If the rose you again behold—
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
There is truth in the vows of men.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

THE manly lover by his young beloved,
Stands shelterless amid the raging storm ;
Shall not his dauntless spirit now be proved,
While she clings trembling to his sterner form ?
Their hands are closely clasped, but she is brave—
The grasp that is uncertain is his own !
He views the fatal flash, the whelming wave,
Fearful with her, though fearless when alone.

For her, what is there that he would not dare ?
With her, he shudders at the thunder-peal !
And she, lest one beloved her grief should share,
Assumes a courage that she cannot feel.
But woman has a courage of her own :
For her the plague-struck chamber has no fears ;
She cheers the dying, and, till life is gone,
Denies herself the luxury of tears !

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

OH ! come, come with me, to the old kirk yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward ;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk yard.
Oh ! mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Oh ! weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old kirk yard.

I know it is in vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart ;
I know that the joy of life seems marred
When we follow them home to the old kirk yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should'st thou weep, dear love, for me ;
I'm wayworn and sad, ah ! why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard.

WHEN WE AND CARE WERE STRANGERS.

You were not made to sail with me,
Where my poor bark is driven ;
You should have had a tranquil sea,
Beneath a cloudless heaven ;
Yet still I see thee brave the worst,
Still disregarding dangers—
And fond as when I wooed thee first,
When we and care were strangers.

Ah ! fervent is my secret prayer,
Some haven to discover ;
That you and I may shelter there,
Our stormy trials over ;
And gazing on a peaceful scene,
We'll talk of former dangers—
As happy as we could have been,
When we and care were strangers.

THE LAST GREEN LEAF.

THE last green leaf hangs lonely now,
Its summer friends have left the bough ;
Yet though they withered one by one,
The last still flutters in the sun.
And so it is with us to-day,
The bowl is filled, we must be gay,
We'll sing old songs again, and yet,
We've lost old friends since last we met.

But could some lost one now return,
And view us here, he would discern
Some lips that press the goblet's brim,
To hide the sigh that's breathed for him.
We do not meet to banish thought ;
Yet, though regrets will come unsought,
We will not waste in sighs of grief,
Life's lingering joy, the last green leaf.

OH ! SING ME NO NEW SONGS TO-NIGHT.

OH ! sing me no new songs to-night ;
Repeat the plaintive strain,
My favourite air in former years—
Come, sing it once again ;
Sweet thoughts that slumbered start to life,
And give my heart relief ;
And though I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.

Her precious record of the past
Fond memory oft conceals,
But music with her master key
The hidden volume steals :
The loves, the friends, the hopes of youth,
Are stored in every leaf ;
Oh ! if I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.

THEY CHIDE ME FOR MY GRIEF.

THEY chide me for my grief, but none
Suspect the cause of my regret ;
They know not that I mourn for one,
Whom they so easily forget.
When they threw off the garb of wo,
Their spirits seemed again set free ;
Alas ! such mourners little know
The grief of one who mourns like me.

They breathe her name 'mid lighter themes,
With loud expressions of regret,
Because I name her not, it seems
To their cold hearts that I forget.
But though my tears in secret flow,
Still none shall hear me speak of thee ;
Alas ! such mourners little know
The grief of one who mourns like me.

YOU REMEMBER IT—DON'T YOU ?

You remember the time when I first sought your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come ;
When you called me a friend, till you found, with surprise,
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise.

You remember it—don't you ?

You will think of it—won't you ?

Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared ;
With the bliss, you remember, could aught be compared ?
You remember how fond was my earliest vow ?
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.

You remember it—don't you ?

You will think of it—won't you ?

Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

SEEK NOT WITH GOLD OR GLITTERING GEM.

SEEK not with gold or glittering gem,
 My simple heart to move ;
 To share a kingly diadem,
 Would never gain my love.
 The heart that's formed in virtue's mould,
 For heart should be exchanged ;
 The love that once is bought with gold,
 May be by gold estranged.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind ?
 Or calm the soul to rest ?
 What healing balm can riches find
 To soothe the bleeding breast ?
 'Tis love, and love alone, has power
 To bless without alloy ;
 To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
 And brighten every joy.

OH! HADST THOU NEVER SHARED MY FATE.

OH! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove ;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love :
But thou hast suffered for my sake,
While this relief I found :
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from the wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met :
And has that thought been shared by thee ?
Ah ! no : that smiling cheek,
Proves more unchanging love for me,
Than laboured words can speak.

WITHER AWAY.

WITHER away, green leaves,
 Wither away, sweet flowers ;
For me in vain young Spring has thrown
 Her mantle o'er the bowers :
Sing not to me, gay birds,
 Borne in bright plumage hither ;
The heart recoils from Pleasure's voice
 When all its fond hopes wither !

Wither away, my friends,
 Whom I have loved sincerely ;
'Tis hard to sigh for the silent tomb
 As a place of rest, so early !
While others prize the rose,
 The cypress wreath I'll gather ;
The heart recoils from Pleasure's voice
 When all its fond hopes wither.

THE GAY TROUBADOUR.

In time of peace, a troubadour
Is the pride of his lady's bower ;
He dances and plays on his gay guitar,
To win from her hand a flower.
He wears a sword, that its silken knot
With its tassels of gold may glisten ;
And he sings of war in a careless tone,
While ladies around him listen.

In time of war, the troubadour
Thinks not of his love sick story ;
His trusty sword is in favour then,
And his thoughts are all of glory.
His silken sword-knot he then disdains,
As proudly his war-steed prances,
The music he loves is the trumpet's sound,
As the enemy's host advances.

YOU NEVER KNEW ANNETTE.

You praise each youthful form you see,
And love is still your theme ;
And when you win no praise from me,
You say how cold I seem.
You know not what it is to pine
With ceaseless vain regret ;
You never felt a love like mine,
You never knew Annette.

For ever changing, still you rove
As I in boyhood roved ;
But when you tell me this is love,
It proves you never loved.
To many idols you have knelt,
And therefore soon forget ;
But what I feel you never felt,
You never knew Annette.

SING ME A MELODY.

OH ! sing me a melody—sing
Some song that of old was your choice ;
Sad thoughts from my heart will take wing,
When I hear the loved tone of your voice.
I shall seem to be borne again
To the place where I heard you sing last ;
And my present endurance of pain
Will be lulled in a dream of the past.

Though absent from you, I have thought
It would cheer me to hear it again ;
But when others have sung it, I sought
For the charm it once boasted, in vain ;
Any voice in the world but your own
Must disturb recollections so sweet,
If we part, love, believe me, that none
Shall sing it again till we meet.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

THE gems you gave me, freely take,
Another's let them be ;
I prize them but for your dear sake,
They're far too bright for me.
Oh ! take again the golden heart,
That I've been used to wear ;
You shall not have its precious part,—
I'll keep the lock of hair.

Believe not, though so bright they are,
That I their loss deplore ;
For I have treasures dearer far,
Which I shall ne'er restore ;
Oh ! long I've kept a faded rose
Which once I saw you wear ;
And though from me the false heart goes,
I'll keep the lock of hair.

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD.

SOME there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurred by all ;
Are they not more sorely tempted ?
Are they not the first to fall ?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in ev'ry trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure,
Present anguish hast thou felt ?
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
As a mourner hast thou knelt ?
In the hour of deep affliction,
Let no impious thought intrude,
Meekly bow with this conviction,
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

ITALY, BEAUTIFUL LAND !

ITALY, Italy, beautiful land !

Calmly thy summer sea flows o'er the sand,
Home of the laws and the heroes of old,
History sanctifies all we behold.

Italy! Italy! oh, thou art beautiful !

Calmly thy summer sea flows o'er the sand.

Italy! Italy!

Calmly thy summer sea flows o'er the sand.

Italy! Italy! what though I roam,

Gazing in rapture, thou art not my home !

And though her climate is changeful and chill,

England, my birthplace, is dear to me still.

Italy! Italy! though thou art beautiful,

England my birthplace is dear to me still ;

Italy! Italy!

England my birthplace is dear to me still.

THE MOTHER OF THE SOLDIER BOY.

WHY daily goes the matron forth
As 'twere to trace the dead !
No stain of gore is on the earth,—
On flowers and grass we tread.
Though summer fields are green again,
And crystal waters glide,
Yet this was once a battle-plain,
Here brave men fought and died.

Her only son had fallen there ;—
To some, time brings relief ;
Unmarked he passes with despair,—
Still recent seems her grief.
Since then, though many suns have shone
The matron dreams of joy,
And daily wanders forth alone,
To seek her soldier boy.

THEY DEEM IT A SORROW GONE BY.

THE smile is again on my cheek,
 The jest is again on my tongue ;
 I see them exult when I seek
 The haunts of the gay and the young ;
 They think a new love will atone
 For one that but blossomed to die ;
 They see not my tears when alone,
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

They deem it a sorrow gone by,
 A passion effaced from my heart,
 But rankling the poison may lie
 When time has extracted the dart ;
 Again to the dance I have gone ;
 They think that my spirits are high ;
 They see not my tears when alone,
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

OH ! MY BRAVEST AND BEST, I RESIGN THEE.

OH ! my bravest and best, I resign thee,
 My heart will be desolate now ;
 And the laurels that fame will entwine thee,
 I never shall see on thy brow.
 Thou art called, and to pause were an error,
 Which naught could hereafter efface ;
 Though I think of thy danger with terror,
 Less could I endure thy disgrace.

To thy wish had I breathed a denial,
 I know thou would'st meekly obey ;
 Then think how severe is the trial
 To her who now sends thee away ;
 Though had she the heart to refuse thee,
 Few surely the widow could blame ;
 Yet oh ! 'twere far better to lose thee,
 Than feel I had darkened thy fame.

WITHERED ROSES.

LET us talk of the past, and forget
For a while all the gloom of the present ;
There is pleasure in store for us yet,
While discoursing of days that were pleasant.
Let no thought of the future intrude,
And when mem'ry her portals uncloses,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long withered roses.

Let us talk of the past, and rejoice
While we seem to view far distant faces,
While we list to some long silent voice,
And look round on youth's favourite places ;
Every gleam of the present exclude
While the sense of its anguish reposes,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long withered roses.

THE SONG OF GULNARE.

FAR from my own land, the land of my fathers,
The ship of the stranger now bears me away ;
Darkly around me the ocean mist gathers,
I hear not a sound save the dash of the spray.
Now near me the night-watch the forecastle paces,
Striving to banish the exile's despair ;
He praises the isle that we seek, but all places
Are cheerless without the sweet song of Gulnare.

Oh, my own country ! thy fruits and thy flowers
Would fade 'neath the islander's temperate sky ;
Let me return to the orange-tree bowers,
And there with my own love contented I'll die.
They say that they lead me where woman possesses
A soft eye of azure, and light golden hair,
But give me the land of the long ebon tresses,
The glance of dark lustre, the song of Gulnare.

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

SHE never blamed him, never ;
 But received him, when he came,
 With a welcome kind as ever,
 And she tried to look the same ;
 But vainly she dissembled—
 For whene'er she tried to smile,
 A tear unbidden, trembled,
 In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
 And she dreaded not her doom ;
 She never thought of sighing
 O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
 She knew her cheek was altered,
 And she knew her eye was dim ;
 Her voice, though, only faltered
 When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
 From the isle where she was born—
 'Tis true he had inured her
 To the cold world's cruel scorn ;
 But yet she never blamed him
 For the anguish she had known ;
 And though she seldom named him,
 Yet she thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part ;
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart,
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

WE MET !

WE met, 'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me ;
He came ;—I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me ;
He spoke, his words were cold,
And his smile was unaltered ;
I knew how much he felt,
For his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivalled its whiteness,
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness !
He called me by my name,
As the bride of another,
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

And once again we met,
And a fair girl was near him,
He smiled, and whispered low,
As I once used to hear him ;
She leant upon his arm,
Once, 'twas mine, and mine only,
I wept, for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride !
At the altar he'll give her
That love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother,
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

THEY say we are too young to love,—
 Too wild to be united ;
 In scorn they bid us both renounce
 The fond vows we have plighted.
 They send thee forth to see the world,
 Thy love by absence trying :
 Then go ; for I can smile farewell,—
 Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
 Her silken nets about thee ;
 I know how lonesome I shall find
 The long, long days without thee.
 But in thy letters there'll be joy ;
 The reading,—the replying :
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee—
 Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
 In silent rapture gazing ;
 And, oh ! how proud of being loved
 By her they have been praising !
 But should Detraction breathe thy name,
 The world's reproof defying,
 I'd love thee,—laud thee,—trust thee still,—
 Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part,
Shall see us meet with wonder ;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder.
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying ;
Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

THE LADY OF MY LORD.

I'VE seen her in her princely home,
 The birthplace of her lord ;
 A hundred vassals waited there,
 Obedient to her word.
 Her *salon* is magnificent,
 Each panel gaily decked
 With mirrors,—and how beautiful
 The form which they reflect !
 And proud she looks !—but why is she
 So lonely in her pride ?
 She was the lady of my lord
 Before she was his bride !

In days of yore that mansion was
 A hospitable scene :
 At Christmas-time a merry place
 Its hall hath ever been.
 And there are nobles dwelling near,—
 Why stand they all aloof ?
 Why doth no other lady now
 Appear beneath that roof ?
 Why hath each festive project failed,
 Whene'er it hath been tried ?
 She was the lady of my lord
 Before she was his bride !

I've seen her at her town abode,
In London's busy spring—
Her lord hath to the levee gone—
Been welcomed by the king.
But why, when all of equal rank
Pay homage to the queen—
Say—wherefore at the drawing-room
Hath *she* been never seen ?
To her—despite her coronet—
The *entree* is denied :
She was the lady of my lord
Before she was his bride !

Yet she will give a noble feast : .
The services of plate,
The viands, wines, appointments, all
Shall rival regal state !
And she shall boast of high-born guests,
And she shall number, then,
The wits, the sages, of the day,
Yet none, alas ! but *men* !
Why sits no *lady* at the board,
Save those by blood allied ?
She was the lady of my lord
Before she was his bride !

How gorgeous is her equipage !
And to some public fete,
Where money can procure access,
She goes in all her state !
How rich her dress !—but why do all
Of station like her own,

So curiously gaze, as if
On one before unknown ?
And, having seen the stranger once,
Why stand they all aside ?
She was the lady of my lord
Before she was his bride !

Can woman's heart take pleasure in
Magnificence like this ?
Can honours that are coupled with
Dishonour, offer bliss ?
Can she look round complacently
Upon her gorgeous home,
While she receives some noble guest,
Whose wife would scorn to come ?
No ! there's a hateful thought, that must
Embitter all beside !
She was the lady of my lord
Before she was his bride !

And is there not a lesson taught
By one so young and fair ?
May not some erring beauty pause,
And learn discretion there ?
Though rich, how little happiness
Can gold on her bestow !
Though nominally high in rank,
How practically low !
If *now* a wife, how proud her lot
Had she his suit denied,
Nor been the lady of my lord
Before she was his bride !

THE DWARF.

I LAY without my father's door,
 A wretched dwarfish boy ;
 I did not dare to lift the latch,—
 I heard the voice of joy ;
 Too well I knew when I was near,
 My father never smiled ;
 And she who bore me turned away,
 Abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed
 My parents with his gold ;
 Oh ! deeper shame awaited me—
 The dwarfish boy was sold !
 They never loved me, never claimed
 The love I could have felt ;
 And yet, with bitter tears I left
 The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seemed more kind to me,
 He spoke of brighter days ;
 He lured each slumbering talent forth,
 And gave unwonted praise :

Unused to smiles, how ardently
I panted for applause !
And daily he instructed me—
Too soon I learned the cause.

I stood upon his native shore ;
The secret was explained ;
I was a vile, degraded slave,
In mind and body chained !
Condemned to face, day after day,
The rabble's ruffian gaze ;
To shrink before their merriment,
Or blush before their praise !

In anguish I must still perform
The oft-repeated task ;
And courteously reply to all
Frivolity may ask !
And bear inhuman scrutiny,
And hear the hateful jest !
And sing the song—then crawl away
To tears instead of rest !

I know I am diminutive,
Ay, loathsome, if you will ;
But say, ye hard hearts ! am I not
A human being still ?
With feelings sensitive as yours,
Perhaps, I have been born ;
I could not wound a fellow-man
In mockery, or scorn !

But some there are who seem to shrink
 Away from me at first,
And then speak kindly; to my heart
 That trial is the worst !
Oh ! then I long to kneel to them,
 Imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only asks
 An honourable grave.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
 The night that first we met,
 Her lovely face was smiling
 Beneath her curls of jet ;
 Her footstep had the lightness,
 Her voice the joyous tone,
 The tokens of a youthful heart,
 Where sorrow is unknown ;
 I saw her but a moment—
 Yet, methinks, I see her now,
 With the wreath of summer flowers
 Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
 When next we met, she wore ;
 Th' expression of her features
 Was more thoughtful than before ;
 And standing by her side was one
 Who strove, and not in vain,
 To soothe her, leaving that dear home
 She ne'er might view again.
 I saw her but a moment—
 Yet, methinks, I see her now,
 With the wreath of orange blossoms
 Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair ;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted !
Yet, methinks, I see her now
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

I KNEW HIM NOT—I SOUGHT HIM NOT.

I KNEW him not, I sought him not,
 He was my father's guest :
 I gave him not one smile more kind
 Than those I gave the rest :
 He sat beside me at the board,
 The choice was not my own,
 But oh ! I never heard a voice
 With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
 Again I was his choice,
 Again I heard the gentle tone
 Of that beguiling voice :
 I sought him not—he led me forth
 From all the fairest there,
 And told me he had never seen
 A face he thought so fair.

Ah ! wherefore did he tell me this ?
 His praises made me vain :
 And when he left me, how I longed
 To hear that voice again !
 I wondered why my old pursuits
 Had lost their wonted charm,
 And why the path was dull unless
 I leaned upon his arm.

Alas ! I might have guessed the cause—
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone ?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deigned to praise—
What could it be but love ?

Oh ! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career :
I thought each smile was kindly meant—
Each word of praise sincere :
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listened and believed,
And little dreamt as oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now—
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own :
Oh ! why is she so beautiful ?
I cannot blame his choice—
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

THEODORE'S MESSENGER.

“ Go, my messenger dove !—how I envy your flight !
You on Anna will gaze ere you slumber to-night.”
Thus Theodore cried, as he fastened the string,
And his letter lay hid 'neath its delicate wing.

Away flew the bird, like a shaft from a bow,—
Poor Theodore thought that its progress was slow ;
From his casement at length he sank back with a sigh,
“ But to-morrow,” he said, “ I shall read her reply.”

Oh, slow passed the day, and more slow passed the night,
He eagerly watched for the first ray of light ;
His dove is returned, he has loosened the string—
His letter untouched still lies under its wing !

His courser is urged over mountain and heath,
Her silence is caused but by danger or death ;
Her cottage he sees, but no Anna is there—
In the castle she dwells—*she is bride to the heir.*

I WILL BE KIND TO YOU.

I WILL be kind to you, kinder than ever,
Watching your will in the glance of your eye,
Oh! do not think I could cruelly sever
A bud from the bough, and then leave it to die!

Check not those natural tears, they are flowing
For friends who were kind ere your lover was known;
Yet you may smile through those tears, you are going
With one whose affection shall equal their own.

I will be kind to you, though it may wound you
To leave your loved home, this atonement I'll make,
All my life long I will strive to surround you
With smiles such as those you resigned for my sake.

Surely you cannot believe, if I wanted
The sweetest exotic my taste could select,
I'd turn away, when my prize was transplanted,
And leave it to wither and die of neglect.

THREE TIMES HAD THE SUMMONS RESOUNDED.

THREE times had the summons resounded afar,
 'Twas the death-note of love the shrill trumpet of war.
 The horsemen were ready, the chieftain looked round
 For the maid that he loved, she was not to be found !
 " Oh ! false one," he murmured, as onward he rode,
 " One kind word at parting she might have bestowed."

His sword was flung from him, his war-steed was slain ;
 A stranger knight raised him and armed him again ;
 When pale, though triumphant, he leaned on his spear,
 The unknown, in silence, was hovering near ;
 " I thank thee," he murmured, " but what is life worth
 When unblest by his false love the soldier goes forth !"

" And did she not bless thee ?" the stranger knight cried,
 " And was she a false one, who fought by thy side ?
 Oh ! do not say so, till her falsehood is proved ;"
 The helmet was raised,—'twas the maiden he loved !
 " Henceforth," cried the chief, " be my tutelar star,
 My guide and my solace, in peace and in war."

LOVE IS THE THEME OF THE MINSTREL.

Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth !

List to the light-hearted chanson of France,

Trace the burden of German romance,

Hear the guitar in the sweet orange grove,

Of what sings the Spaniard ? oh ! is it not love ?

Yes ! love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth !

Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth !

List to the song in the camp of the brave,

Hear the sailor, the sport of the wave,

In court or in cottage, wherever you rove,

Of what sings the minstrel ? oh ! is it not love ?

Yes ! love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth !

OH ! FROM A MOTHER'S EYE.

OH ! from a mother's eye
 To veil a secret error,
 From love's approach to fly,
 And hide with panting terror ;
 To shrink from words of praise,
 Though breathed by fond affection,
 And through long weary days,
 To tremble at detection,
 This is the depth of wo,
 Which guilt alone can know.

To cheer a mother's breast,
 When fortune frowns upon her,
 To soothe her grief to rest,
 And seek when others shun her ;
 Her sad and secret fear,
 With words of hope beguiling,
 To chase away the tear,
 And smile to see her smiling ;
 Oh ! this is a transport known
 To innocence alone.

TAKE YOUR POLITICS HENCE !

TAKE your politics hence, for one evening at least,
 Drive that demon of discord away from the feast ;
 To my party the men of *all* parties may come,
 If they'll only just leave *party feeling* at home ;
 The speechless in public, are ever, I see,
 Little Orator Puffs in a snug coterie ;
 If you name your vile *house* you will give me offence,
 Oh, let *my* house be neutral,—take politics hence !

These politics now are become quite a pest ;
 What a fuss ere we venture to ask a new guest !
 “ Mr. E., do you see, would be welcome to *me*,
 But then—do you think he'd chime in with *Lord G* ? ”
 So the pleasantest men you must sort and divide,
 When you find that their politics don't coincide.
 If you name your vile *house* you will give me offence,
 Oh, let *my* house be neutral,—take politics hence !

The ladies are now a political race,
 They think of their canvass much more than their lace,
 And instead of soft whispers in private they each
 Wish to hear a young man's parliamentary speech !
 A *reforming* old tory you now may look big,
 And I'll call myself a conservative whig ;
 And we'll tell the fair creatures to talk common sense,
 For that *my* house is neutral,—take politics hence !

SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING!

I saw her, as I fancied, fair,
 Yes fairest of earth's creatures ;
 I saw the purest red and white
 O'erspread her lovely features ;
 She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
 Her malady relieving ;
 I washed both rose and lily off!—
 Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I looked again, again I longed
 To breathe love's fond confession ;
 I saw her eyebrows formed to give
 Her face its *arch* expression ;
 But gum is very apt to crack,
 And whilst my breast was heaving,
 It so fell out that one fell off!—
 Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw the tresses on her brow,
 So beautifully braided ;
 I never saw, in all my life,
 Locks look so well as they did.
 She walked with me one windy day—
 Ye zephyrs, *why* so thieving ?
 The lady lost her flaxen wig!—
 Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw her form, by Nature's hand
So prodigally finished,
She were less perfect if *enlarged*,
Less perfect if *diminished* ;
Her toilet I surprised,—the worst
Of wonders then achieving,—
None know *the bustle* I perceived!—
Oh seeing's *not* believing !

I saw, when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them ;
And if she *said* no tender things,
I've often seen her *look* them :
I saw her my affianced bride,—
And then my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones !—
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw another maiden soon,
And struggled to detain her ;
I saw her plain enough—in fact,
Few women *could* be plainer ;
'Twas said that at her father's death
A plum she'd be receiving—
I saw that father's house and grounds !—
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw her mother—she was decked
With furbelows and feathers ;
I saw distinctly that she wore
Silk stockings in all weathers ;

I saw, beneath a load of gems,
The matron's bosom heaving ;
I saw a thousand signs of wealth !—
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw her father, and I spoke
Of marriage in his study ;
But *would* he let her marry *me* ?
Alas ! alas ! how *could* he !
I saw him smile a glad consent,
My anxious heart relieving,
And then I saw the settlements—
Oh ! seeing's not believing !

I saw the daughter, and I named
My moderate finances ;
She spurned me not, she gave me one
Of her most tender glances ;
I saw her father's bank—thought I,
There cash is safe from thieving ;
I saw my money safely lodged !—
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw the bank, the shutters up,
I could not think what *they* meant !
The old infirmity of firms,
The bank had just stopt payment !
I saw my future father then
Was ruined past retrieving,
Like me, without a single sous !—
Oh ! seeing's not believing !

I saw the banker's wife had got
The fortune settled on her ;
What cared he when the creditors
Talked loudly of dishonour ?
I saw his name in the " Gazette,"
But soon I stared, perceiving
He bought another house and grounds !—
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

I saw—yes, plain as plain could be—
I saw the banker's daughter ;
She saw *me* too, and called for sal-
Volatile and water :
She said that she had just espoused
A rich old man, conceiving
That I was dead or gone to jail !—
Oh ! seeing's not believing !

I saw a friend, and freely spoke
My mind of the transaction ;
Her brother heard it and he called
Demanding satisfaction ;
We met—I fell—that brother's ball .
In my left leg receiving—
I have *two* legs—true—*one is cork* ;
Oh ! seeing's *not* believing !

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

I DON'T care three-and-sixpence now
 For any thing in life ;
 My days of fun are over now,
 I'm married to a wife—
 I'm married to a wife, my boys,
 And that, by Jove, 's no joke !
 I've eat the white of this world's egg,
 And now I've got the *yolk*.

I'm sick of sending marriage cake,
 Of eating marriage dinners,
 And all the fuss that people make
 With newly-wed beginners ;
 I care not now for white champagne,
 I never cared for red ;
 Blue coats are all blue bores to me,
 And Limerick gloves or kid.

And as to posting up and down,
 It adds to all my ills ;
 At every paltry country town
 I wish you saw the bills ;
 They know me for a married man,
 Their smirking says they do,
 And charge me as the Scots Grays charged
 The French at Waterloo.

I've grown, too, quite an idle rogue,
I only eat and drink ;
Reading with me is not in vogue,
I can't be plagued to think ;
When breakfast's over, I begin
To wish 'twere dinner-time,
And these are all the changes now
In my life's pantomime.

I wonder if this state be what
Folks call the honey moon ?
If so, upon my word, I hope
It will be over soon ;
For too much honey is to me
Much worse than too much salt ;
I'd rather read from end to end,
The works of Mr. Galt.

Oh ! when I was a bachelor
I was as brisk 's a bee,
But now I lie on ottomans,
And languidly sip tea,
Or read a little paragraph
In any evening paper,
Then think it time to go to sleep,
And light my bedroom taper.

Oh ! when I was a bachelor
I always had some plan
To win myself a loving wife,
And be a married man ;

And now that I am so at last,
My plans are at an end.
I scarcely know one thing to do,
My time I cannot spend.

Oh ! when I was a bachelor,
My spirits never flagged,
I walked as if a pair of wings
Had to my feet been tagged ;
But I walk much more slowly now,
As married people should,
Were I to walk six miles an hour,
My wife might think it rude.

Yet after all, I must confess,
This easy sort of way
Of getting o'er life's jolting road,
Is what I can't gainsay ;
I might have been a bachelor
Until my dying day,
Which would have been to err at least
As far the other way.

A COUNTRY BALL ON THE ALMACKS PLAN.

OH ! joy to her who first began
 A country ball on the Almacks plan !
 Hogsnorton's queen she walks erect,
 The ball exclusive and select ;
 Four ladies patronesses sit
 From morn to night arranging it ;
 And when you hear the names of all,
 You'll guess the merits of the ball.

Plebeian persons they reject,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select !

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
 Her sister, (quite a stylish girl,)
 And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
 (Churchwarden and a man of law,)
 And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
 Related on the mother's side
 To Mr. Biggs, (who was, you know,
 Lord Mayor of London long ago !)

By these, all upstart claims are checked,
 Hogsnorton balls are *so* select !

They've quite excluded Mr. Squills,
 Who makes the antibilious pills ;
 Not " cause he *makes em*," but they say
 He *sells em* in a retail way ;

But Mr. Squills declares his wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsnorton people low,
So if she *could*, she wouldn't go—

A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select !

And then you know there's Mr. Flinn,
The rich old mercer, can't get in ;
And Sweet the grocer has applied !
But Sweet the grocer was denied ;
And both appear to think it hard
That Slush the brewer has a card ;
And say, " Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for *hops* than we ?"

But Slush of course is quite correct,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select !

Of course all those they won't admit,
Discuss the ball, and censure it ;
And strange opinions they express
About each lady patroness ;
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
" *I wash my hands of the elite ;*"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
" For all the world I'd not go in !"

Here envious feelings we detect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select !

Says Mrs. Squills, " There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an earl !

So high and mighty ! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married ; and I knew
That people *said* ('tis *entre nous*,)
She was a *leetle* indiscreet !
So much, my dear, for the *elite*,
“ Dear me ! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select.”

Wo, wo to her who first began
A country ball on the Almacks plan !
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down ;
And what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps ;
Indeed we hear, from one and all,
As much of *bullets* as the *ball*,
Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreck'd ?
Because her balls were *so* select.

DON'T SING ENGLISH BALLADS TO ME!

I HATE English ballads, don't sing them,
 I wish cousin John wouldn't bring them,
 In the fire I beg you to fling them,
 And sing in a loftier key.
 I've bought you a new grand piano,
 Your voice is a charming soprano,
 Then don't sing such trumpery,—ah, no!
 Don't sing English ballads to me!

“We met”—from your memory drive it;
 “The soldier's tear”—shall I survive it!
 Do wipe it away, love—for private,
 The tear of a private should be;
 What ditty is this you've you're hand on?
 “Isle of Beauty!”—that ballad abandon,—
 It's an isle I have no wish to land on;
 Don't sing English ballads to me!

The English words seem so phlegmatic,
 Italian is aristocratic,
 I know that the sound is ecstatic,
 Whatever the meaning may be;
 I don't mean to say that I know it;
 As for learning, I'd not undergo it!
 If ignorant, why should we show it?
 Don't sing English ballads to me!

I've now got the music book ready,
Do sit up and sing like a lady
A recitative from Tancredi,
 And something about "Palpiti!"
Sing forte when first you begin it,
Piano the very next minute,
They'll cry "what expression there's in it!"
 Don't sing English ballads to me!

MY CREAM-COLOURED PONIES.

Go order my ponies ; so brilliant a Sunday
 Is certain to summon forth all the *élite* ;
 And cits who work six days, and revel but one day,
 Will trudge to the West-End from Bishopsgate Street.
 See ! two lines of carriages almost extending
 The whole way from Grosvenor to Cumberland Gate ;
 The duchess has bowed to me ! how condescending !
 I came opportunely—I thought I was late.

I'm certain my ponies, my cream-coloured ponies,
 Will cause a sensation wherever I go ;
 My page in his little green jacket alone is
 The wonder of all ! oh, I hope he won't grow !
 How young Sir Charles looks, with his hat so well-fitted
 To show on the left side the curls of his wig !
 I wonder that yellow post-chaise was admitted ?
 And there's an enormity—three in a gig.

Dear me ! Lady Emily bowed to me coolly ;
 Oh ! look at that crazy old family coach ?
 That cab is a mercantile person's—'tis truly
 Amazing how those sort of people encroach !
 Good gracious ! the pole of that carriage behind us
 Is going to enter my phaeton's back !
 Do call to them, Robert ! oh, why won't they mind us ?
 I hear it ! I feel it ! bless me, what a crack !

Don't glance at the crowd of pedestrians yonder,
There's vulgar Miss Middleton looking this way.
Let's drive down to Kensington Gardens ; I wonder
We havn't met Stanmore this beautiful day.
They've upset the Countess's carriage ! how frightful !
Do look at Sir David—he'll drive here till dark !
Let's go where the crowd is the thickest ; delightful !
My cream-coloured ponies, the pride of the Park !

MY MARRIED DAUGHTER COULD YOU SEE.

My married daughter could you see,
 I'm sure you would be struck,—
 My daughters *all* are charming girls,
 Few mothers have such luck.
 My married one—my eldest child—
 All hearts by magic wins ;
 And my *second* so resembles her,
 Most people think them twins !

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—
 She's quite a pattern wife ;
 And he adores her—well he may—
 Few men lead such a life !
 She ne'er had married mortal man
 Till he had won her heart ;
 And my *second* darling's just the same,—
 They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has pressed my hand,
 While tears were in his eyes,
 And said, “ *You* brought my Susan up—
 With *you* the credit lies.”
 To make her a domestic wife,
 I own was all my aim ;
 And my *second* is domestic too,—
 My system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought

The *eldest* of the two

(*She's* married so I *may* speak out)

Would just have suited *you* !

You never saw her?—how shall I

My eldest girl pourtray?

Oh ! my *second* is her counterpart,

And *her* you'll meet to-day.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE ?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma ?

Why don't the men propose ?

Each seems just coming to the point,

And then away he goes !

It is no fault of yours, mamma,

That every body knows ;

You *fête* the finest men in town,

Yet, oh ! they won't propose !

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,

To make a proper match ;

For coronets and eldest sons

I'm ever on the watch ;

I've hopes when some *distingué* beau

A glance upon me throws ;

But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,

Alas ! he won't propose !

I've tried to win by languishing

And dressing like a blue ;

I've bought big books, and talked of them

As if I'd read them through !

With hair cropped like a man, I've felt

The heads of all the beaux ;

But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,

And oh ! they won't propose !

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss ;
I felt convinced that men preferred
A simple sort of Miss ;
And so I lisped out naught beyond
Plain “ yeses ” or plain “ noes, ”
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile ;
Yet, oh ! they won't propose !

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, “ Now I *propose* again ; ”
I started, turning pale ;
I really thought my time was come,
I blushed like any rose ;
But oh ! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd *propose* !

And what is to be done, mamma ?
Oh ! what is to be done ?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one :
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows ;
Why won't the men propose, mamma ?
Why *won't* the men propose ?

LORD HARRY HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL.

LORD HARRY has written a novel,
 A story of elegant life ;
 No stuff about love in a hovel,
 No sketch of a clown and his wife ;
 No trash such as pathos and passion,
 Fine feelings, expression, or wit ;
 But all about people of fashion,
 Come, look at his caps how they fit.

Oh, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night ;
 Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
 Thy heroines damsels in white.
 But past are those terrible touches ;
 Our lips in derision we curl,
 Unless we are told how the duchess
 Conversed with her cousin, the earl.

Our dialogues now must be *quite* full
 Of titles, I give you my word ;—
 “ My lady, you’re looking delightful ;”
 “ Indeed ! do you think so, my lord ?”
 “ You’ve heard of the marquis’s marriage,
 The bride with her jewels new set,
 Four horses, the new travelling carriage,
 The *dejeuné a-la-fourchette* ?”

Haut-ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her ins and her outs—
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.
At Tenby, Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she thinks she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

THE PIC-NIC.

“ A PIC-NIC ! a pic-nic ! so happy. together !

Intelligent women ! agreeable men !

The middle of June, so we must have fine weather ;

We'll go upon donkeys to Bogglemy Glen.

There has not been rain for six weeks, and at present

There is not the slightest appearance of change ;

No pic-nic I'm sure ever yet was so pleasant—

Few people can realize *all* they arrange !”

Oh ! these words *at night* were the very last spoken,

The first in *the morning* were equally gay ;

There was a great mist, which we knew was a token

At noon we should have a most exquisite day.

The donkeys arrive, and the sociable meant for

The matrons unfitted for sidesaddle feats ;

The baskets of prog and the hampers are sent for,

And packed in the rumbles, or under the seats.

And now we set off—all the carriages *quite* full :

Do look at Miss Symons, how oddly she sits !

No sun to annoy us ! it's really delightful !

Don't mind Mrs. Wilkins, she says that it *spits* !

Some people take pleasure in throwing *cold water*
On parties of pleasure, and talking of damp ;
She's just the ill-natured old woman I thought her ;
We'll laugh at her presently when we encamp.

My donkey, in stooping to gather a thistle,
Was very near throwing me over his head.
Dear me ! I do think it's beginning to drizzle !
Oh ! let us take shelter in yonder old shed !
How foolish to put on my pink satin bonnet !
I envy Miss Martin, she's snug in the straw ;
My lilac pelisse, too ! the water drips on it,
The loveliest lilac that *ever* I saw !

For *my part* I own I *like* this sort of morning :
With sun perpendicular what could we do ?
So *pleasant* to find the dust laid when returning ;
'Twill clear up at twelve, or at latest at two.
And now we're at Bogglemy, dear, how unlucky !
I'm sure I heard something like thunder just then :
The place is so gloomy—the path is so mucky—
I scarce can believe I'm at Bogglemy Glen !

We cannot dine under the trees—it would chill us ;
We'll try to take shelter in yonder retreat :
Oh, dear ! it's a dirty old cowhouse, 'twill kill us ;
If *all* must crowd into it, think of the heat !
A soup-plate inverted Miss Millington uses
To keep her thin slippers above the wet clay ;
Oh ! see through the roof how the rain-water oozes—
The dinner will all taste of *dripping* to-day !

A pic-nic ! a pic-nic ! so wretched together !
All draggle-tail women, and cross-looking men !
The middle of June, yet this terrible weather
Has made a morass of poor Bogglesmy Glen ?
It rains just like buckets of water ; at present
There is not the slightest appearance of change :
'Twas very absurd to leave Waterloo Crescent—
Few people can realize *all* they arrange.

MY DEJEÛNER A LA FOURCHETTE.

WHAT a beautiful day ! Had the weather been wet,
 What a damp on my Déjeûner à la Fourchette !
 There is but one drawback, I own, to my bliss,—
 'Tis late in the year for a party like this ;
 So I've stuck paper roses on every bush,
 And my garden has quite got a midsummer blush ;
 And I've calico lilies judiciously set,
 To embellish my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

I've ordered the people to water the road
 All the way from the town to my rural abode.
 'Till three, I suppose, not a soul will arrive,—
 Bless me ! there's a chaise at the end of the drive
 'Tis old Mrs. Smith !—what *can* bring her so soon ?
She thinks herself late, too,—a breakfast at noon !
 And dressed, I protest, in her best tabinet,—
 What a blot on my Déjeûner à la Fourchette !

Here's a three-cornered note, (how excited I feel !)
 What an elegant hand ! and coronet seal !
 From the Duchess, confined to her room with a cough ;
 Had I known, I'd have put my sweet Déjeûner off.
 An excuse from Sir Thomas,—“ A touch of the gout !”
 And one from Lord Harry,—“ Too ill to go out !”
 I declare I have lost all the cream of the set
 That I asked to my Déjeûner à la Fourchette !

But the guests are arriving. My villa has got
Quite a park-like appearance— a beautiful spot !
The singers, equipped in a foreign costume,—
The horns in that arbour, too loud for a room,—
The band on the lawn in the pretty marquee,—
This tent for the dinner, and *that* for the tea.
(Though *breakfast* they *call* it, no dinner they'll get,
Except at my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.)

What's Harris, my butler, attempting to say ?
" Champagne !" why we gave out ten dozen to-day !
" All gone ! and the officers calling for more !"
Go open the tent for quadrilles, I implore ;
Go, Harris, and *hint* we're expecting them soon,
And tell Mr. Tweedle to strike up a tune.
I'm certain my husband will never forget
The cost of my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

'Tis getting quite dark ; that unfortunate breeze
Blows out all the lamps that we placed in the trees.
The dew is so heavy, my rockets won't go ;
And my Catherine-wheels are exceedingly slow.
But I heed not the darkness,—if people are lost,
What accounts there will be in the *Herald* and *Post* ;
And 'twill give *me éclat* if a lord is upset
On his way from my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

OH! TAKE ME A BOX AT THE OPERA.

OH! take me a box at the Opera,
 In the tier above the pit;
 I must premise I'd not consent
 Three stories high to sit:
 I like the box at the bend of the house—
 You well know the box I mean;
 'Tis not so much to *hear* and *see*,
 As to be *heard* and *seen*.

Yet I'm so fond of an Opera!
 Sweet sounds are my heart's delight!
 But recollect I don't *object*
 To chatter all the night;
 I have such a musical soul, no noise
 Can the sweet illusion baulk;
 I like the songs the more, I think,
 The more the people talk!

And whenever we go to the Opera,
 I really must engage
 To have the seat I most prefer,
 The seat that's next the stage:
 I know some think the other is best,
 But *that's* a place divine,
 If you have a graceful turn of the head,
 And a hand and arm—*like mine*.

When you've taken the box at the Opera,
Go—do as you like, my dear,—
At Crockford's dine, play all night long,
I'll never interfere.

I shall always fill my box, of course,
With a few *distingué* men ;
But if *you knock, perhaps* we may
Admit you *now and then*.

We *must* have a box at the Opera,
And one that is large enough ;
For it will help to get dear Jane
And sweet Maria off.
And when I *seem* to be flirting in front,
Of course you will bear in mind,
'Tis *only*, my dear, that I turn a deaf ear
To those who are flirting *behind*.

THE END.

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Life of Haynes Bayly,
It is not on the battle field,
The Rover's Bride,
Ono, we never mention her
She never blamed him,
Welcome me home,
We met, 'twas in a crowd,
I'm saddest when I sing,
I love the village church,
Morning its sweets is fling-
ing,
Toujours le même,
In happier hours,
My own blue bell,
Why comes he not?
Hark, hark, I hear the dis-
tant drum,
He came at morn,
The Gipsy's haunt,
The first gray hair,
I never was a favourite,
Upon thy truth relying,
O, say not 'twere a keener
blow,
Before the drawing room,
Why don't the men pro-
pose?
The soldier's tear,
The dews of night,
I'll meet thee once more,
I've heard my own dear
mother sing,
She would not know me,
Throw a leaf on the river,
Our early days,
Home of my youth,
Long, long ago,

The lady of my lord,
When we and care were
strangers,
Oh! hadst thou never
shared my fate,
You remember it,
She wore a wreath of roses,
Teach oh, teach me,
Listen, dear Fanny,
Come, dwell with me,
Beauty, wit and gold,
My pretty Kate,
The Veteran,
They chide my grief,
The Pilot,
Rose Aleen,
We met,
The gipsy's mystery,
The last green leaf,
Isle of beauty, fare thee
well,
May thy lot be happy,
Seek not with gold,
The dark winter time,
What shall be my theme?
The deserted bride,
Love is the theme of the
minstrel,
To linger near thee,
Woman's courage,
Theodore's messenger,
I cannot dance to night,
Is there an unbeliever?
The weary watchman,
Lord Harry has written a
novel,
The forsaken one,
&c. &c. &c.

Three weeks after mar-
riage,
The accepted,
Of what is the old man
thinking?
Go and forget that we have
met,
I saw her on the vessel's
deck,
The forsaken to the false
one,
My married daughter could
you see,
A county ball on Almack's
plan,
My home is the world,
A lady heard the minstrel
sing,
The old kirk yard,
In happier hours,
Dearer than life thou art,
The vows of men,
I wish he would drink,
Ever green ivy,
Old age and youth,
The sea pink,
Lady Elizabeth Burd,
I saw her as I fancied fair,
Look, look how we moul-
der,
I'd be an alderman,
Round my own pretty rose
Were men to judge of
things aright,
O! I come not to upbraid
thee,
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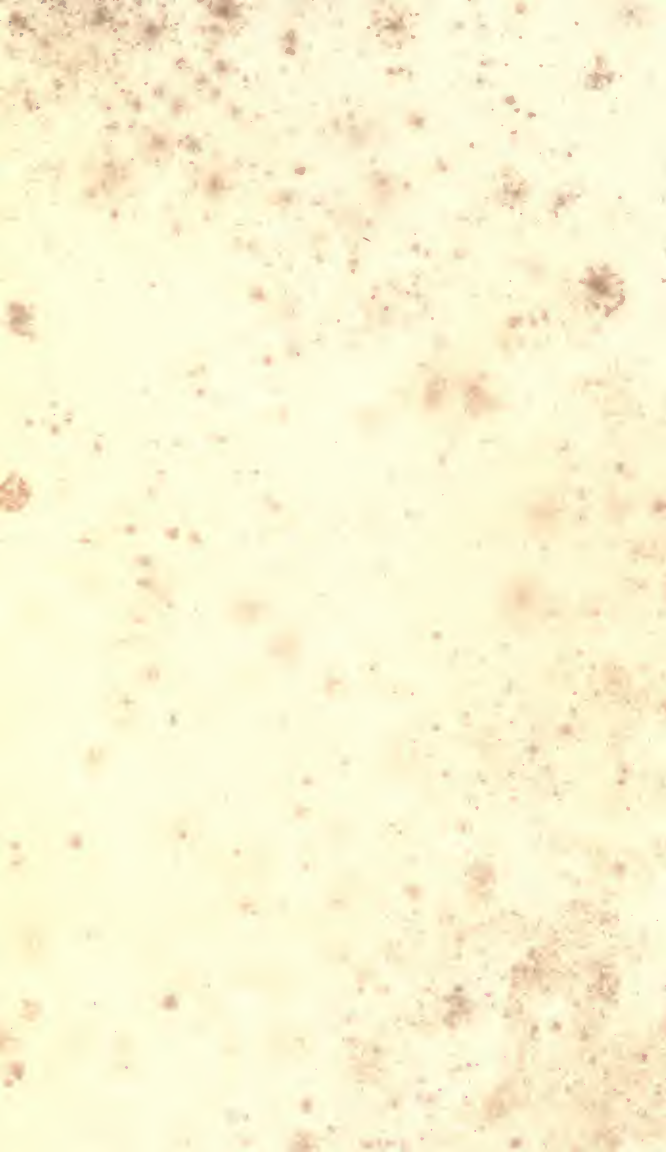
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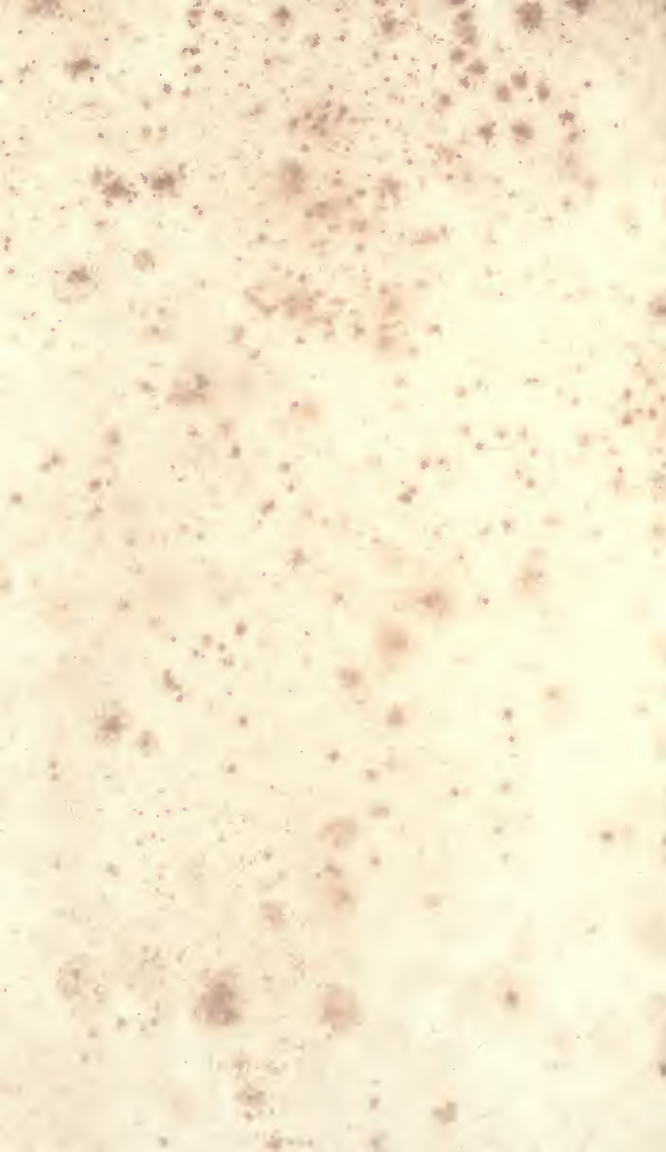
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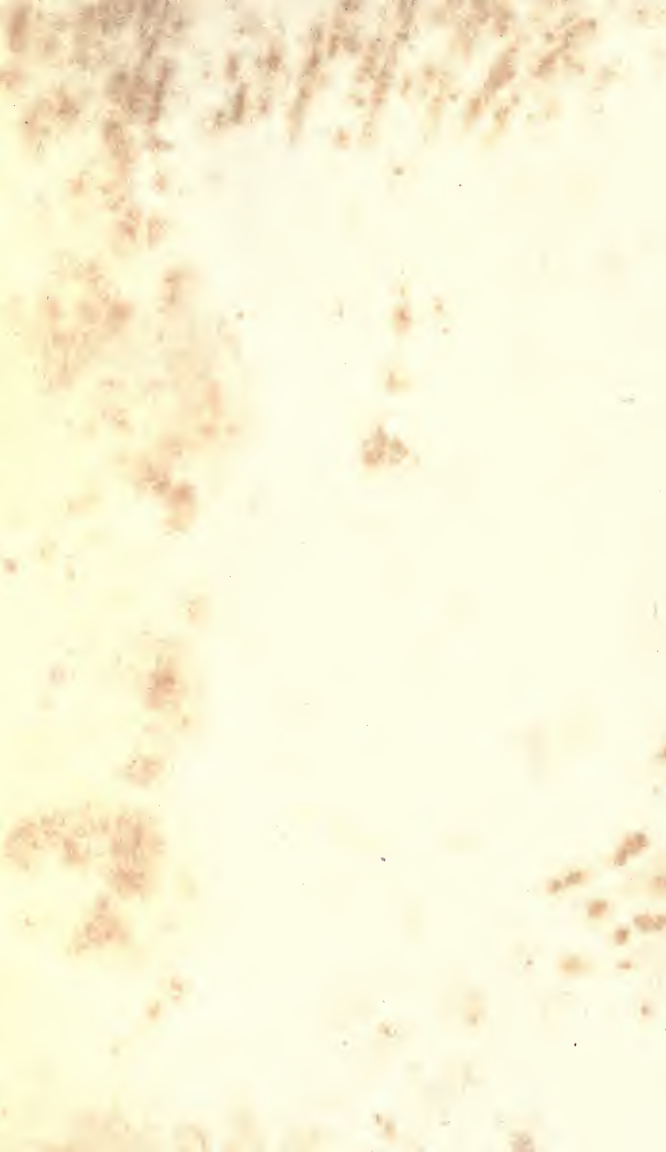






















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